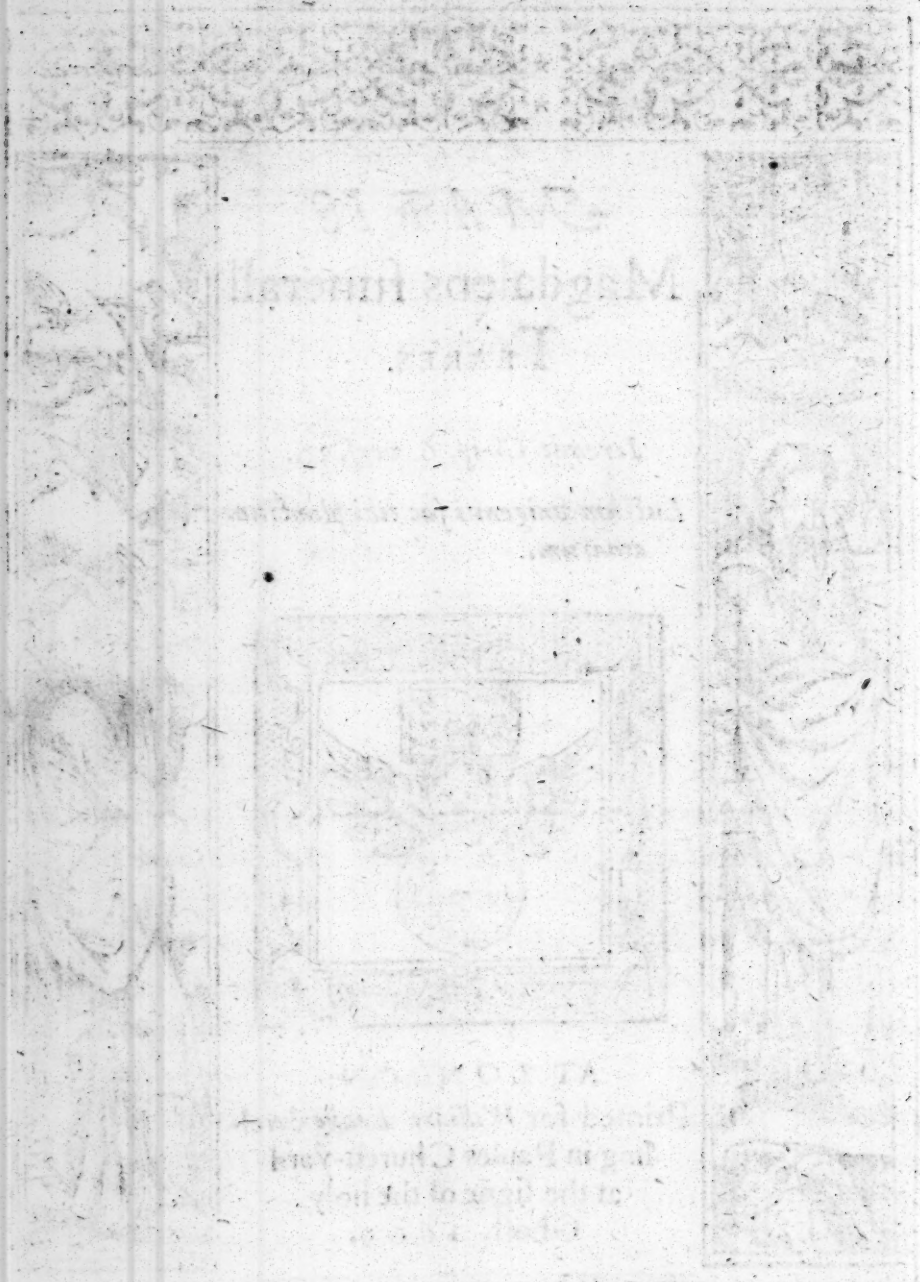
MARIE Magdalens funerall TEARES.

Ieremie Chap. 6. verſ. 26.

Luctum vnigeniti fac tibi planctum amarum.

AT LONDON:
Printed for *William Leake* dwelling in Paules Church-yard at the ſigne of the holy Ghoſt. 1609.



To the worshipfull and vertuous Gentlewoman, Mistresse D. A.

Your Vertuous request to which your deserts gaue the force of a commaundement, wonne me to satisfie your deuotion, in penning some little discourse of the blessed Mary Magdalene. *And among other glorious examples of this saints life, I haue made choise of her* Funerall Teares, *in which as she most vttered the great vehemencie of her feruent loue to Christ, so hath she giuen therein largest scope to dilate vpon the same: a theame pleasing I hope vnto your selfe, and fittest for this time. For as passion, and especially this of loue, is in these dayes the chiefe commaunder of most mens actions, and the Idol to which both tongues and penncs doe sacrifice their ill bestowed labours: so is there nothing now more needfull to be intreated, than how to direct these humours vnto their due courses, and to draw this flood of affections into the right chanel. Passions I allow, and loues I approoue, onely I would wish that men would alter their obiect, and better their intent. For passions being sequels of our nature, and allotted vnto vs as the hand-*

handmaides of reason: there can be no doubt, but that as their authour is good, and their end godly; so their vse tempered in the meane, implyeth no offence. Loue is but the infancie of true charitie, yet sucking Natures teat, and swathed in her bandes, which then groweth to perfection, when faith besides naturall motiues, proposeth higher and nobler grounds of amitie. Hatred and anger are the necessarie officers of prowesse and iustice, courage being cold and dull, and Iustice in due reuenge slacke and careless, where hate of the fault doth not make it odious, and anger setteth not an edge on the sword that punisheth or preuenteth wrongs. Desire and hope are the parents of diligence and industrie, the nurses of perseuerance and constancie, the seedes of valour and magnanimitie, the death of sloath, and the breath of all vertue. Feare and dislike are the scoutes of discretion, the harbingers of wisedome and pollicie, killing idle repentance in the cradle, and curbing rashnesse with deliberation. Audacitie is the armour of strength, and the guide of glorie, breaking the Ice to the hardest exployts, and crowning valour with honourable victory.

Sorrow is the sister of mercie, and a waker of compassion, weeping with others teares, and grieued with their harmes. It is both the salue and smart of sinne, curing that which it chastiseth with true remorse, and preuenting need of new cure with the detestation of the disease. Despaire of successe, is a bitte against euill attempts, and the hearse of idle hopes, ending endlesse things in their first motion, to begin. True ioy is the rest and reward of vertue, seasoning difficulties with delight, and giuing a pre-

a present assay of future happinesse. Finally, there is no passion but hath a seruiceable vse either in the pursuite of good, or auoydance of euill, and they are all benefits of God and helpes of nature, so long as they are kept vnder vertues correction.

But as too much of the best is euill, and excesse in vertue vice; so passions let loose without limits, are imperfections, nothing being good that wanteth measure. And as the sea is vnfit for trafficke, not onely when the windes are too boysterous, but also when they are too still, and a middle gale and motion of the waues serueth best the saylers purpose; So neither too stormy nor too calme a minde giueth Vertue the first course, but a middle temper betweene them both, in which the well ordered passions are wrought to prosecute, not suffered to peruert any vertuous endeuour. Such were the passions of this holy Saint, which were not guides to reason, but attendants vpon it, and commanded by such a loue as could neuer exceede, because the thing loued was of infinite perfection. And if her weakenesse of faith, (an infirmitie then common to all Christs disciples) did suffer her vnderstanding to be deceiued, yet was her will so setled in a most sincere and perfect loue, that it led all her passions with the same byas, recompensing the want of beliefe, with the strange effects of an excellent charitie. This loue and these passions are the subiect of this discourse, which though it reach not to the dignitie of Maries deserts, yet shall I thinke my indeuors well appayd, if it may not woo some skilfuller pennes from vnworthy labors, either to supply in this matter my want of ability, or in other

of

of like piety, (whereof the Scripture is full) to exercise their happier talents. I know that none can expresse a passion that he feeleth not, neither doth the pen deliuer but what it coppieth out of the minde. And therefore the finest wits are now giuen to write passionate discourses, I would wish them to make choise of such passions, as it neither should be shame to vtter, nor sinne to feele.

But whether my wishes in this behalfe take effect or not, I reape at the least this reward of my paines, that I haue shewed my desire to answere your curtesie, and set foorth the due praises of this glorious Saint.

Your louing friend

S. VV.

To the Reader.

Many ſuiting their labours to the popular vaine, and guided by the gale of vulgar breath, haue diuulged diuers pathetical diſcourſes, in which if they had ſhewed as much care to profit, as they haue done deſire to pleaſe, their workes would much more haue honored their names, and auailed the Reader. But it is a iuſt complaint among the better ſort of perſons, that the fineſt wits looſe themſelues in the vaineſt follies, ſpilling much Art in ſome idle fanſie, and leauing their workes as witneſſes how long they haue beene in trauaile, to be in fine deliuered of a fable. And ſure it is a thing greatly to be lamented, that men of ſo high conceit, ſhould ſo much abaſe their habilities, that when they haue racked them to the vttermoſt endeuor, all the praiſe that they reape of their employment, conſiſteth in this, that they haue wiſely told a fooliſh tale, and caried a long lie very ſmoothly to the end. Yet this inconuenience might finde ſome excuſe, if the drift of their diſcourſe leuelled at any vertuous marke. For in fables are often figured morrall truths, and that couertly vttered to a common good, which without a maske would not finde ſo free a paſſage. But when the ſubſtance of the worke hath neither truth nor probabilities, nor the purport therof tendeth to any honeſt end, the writer is rather to be pitied than praiſed, and his bookes fitter for the fire than for the preſſe. This common ouerſight more haue

obſerued, than endeuored to ſalue, euery one being able to reproue, none willing to redreſſe ſuch faults, authoriſed eſpecially by generall cuſtome. And though if neceſsitie (the lawleſſe patron of enforced actions) had not more preuailed than choiſe, this worke of ſo different a ſubiect from the vſuall vaine, ſhould haue been no eye-ſore to thoſe that are pleaſed with worſe matters. Yet ſith the copies thereof flew ſo faſt, and ſo falſe abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print, it ſeemed a leſſe euil to let it flye to common view in the natiue plume, and with the owne winges, than diſguiſed in a coat of a baſtard feather, or caſt off from the fiſt of ſuch a corrector, as might happily haue periſhed the ſound, and imped in ſome ſicke and ſory feathers of his owne fanſies. It may be that curteous skill will reckon this, though courſe in reſpect of others exquiſite labours, not vnfit to entertaine wel-tempered humors, both with pleaſure and profit, the ground thereof being in ſcripture, and the forme of enlarging it, an imitation of the ancient Doctors, in the ſame and other points of like tenour. This commoditie at the leaſt it will carrie with it, that the Reader may learne to loue without improofe of puritie, and teach his thoughts either to temper paſſion in the meane, or to giue the bridle onely where the exceſſe cannot be faulty. Let the worke defend it ſelfe, and euery one paſſe his ſenſure as he ſeeth cauſe. Many Carpes are expected when curious eyes come a fiſhing. But the care is already taken, and patience wayteth at the table, ready to take away, when that diſh is ſerued in, and to make roome for others to ſet on the deſired fruit.

S. W.

MARIE MAGDALENS funerall Teares.

AMongſt other mournefull accidents of the Paſſion of Chriſt, that loue preſenteth it ſelfe vnto my memory, with which the bleſſed *Marie Magdalen* louing our Lord more than her life, followed him in his iourney to his death, attending vpon him when his Diſciples fled, and being more willing to die with him, than they to liue without him. But not finding the fauour to accompany him in death, and loathing after him to remaine in life, the fire of her true affection enflamed her heart, and her enflamed heart reſolued into vnceſſant teares, ſo that burning and bathing between loue and griefe, ſhee led a life euer dying, and felt a death neuer ending. And when he by whom ſhe liued was dead, and ſhe for whom he died enforcedly left aliue, ſhe praiſed the dead more than the liuing, and hauing loſt that light of her life, ſhe deſired to dwell in darkeneſſe, and in the ſhadowe of death, chooſing

Christs Tombe for her best home, and his coarse for her chiefe comfort. For *Mary* (as the Euangelist saith) *Stood without at the Tombe weeping.*

But alas how vnfortunate is this woman, to whom neither life will affoord a desired farewell, nor death allowe any wished welcome? Shee hath abandoned the liuing and chosen the company of the dead, and now it seemeth that euen the dead haue forsaken her, sith the coarse shee seeketh is taken away from her. And this was the cause that loue induced her to stand, and sorrow enforced her to weepe. Her eye was watchfull to seek whom her heart most longed to enioy, and her foote in a readinesse to runne, if her eye should chance to espy him. And therefore she standeth to bee still stirring, prest to watch euery way, and prepared to go whether any hope should cal her. But she wept because shee had such occasion of standing, and that which moued her to watch, was the motiue of her teares. For as shee watched to finde whom she had lost, so she wept for hauing lost whom she loued, her poore eyes being troubled at once with two contrarie offices, both to bee cleare in sight the better to seeke him, and yet cloudy with teares for missing the sight of him.

Yet was not this the entrance but the encrease of her griefe, not the beginning but the renewing of her moane. For first she mourned for the departing of his soule out of his body, and now she lamented the taking of his body out of the graue, being punished with two wreckes of her onely welfare, both full of miserie,

miſerie, but the laſt without all comfort. The firſt originall of her ſorrow grew, becauſe ſhee could not enioy him aliue: yet this ſorrow had ſome ſolace, for that ſhe hoped to haue enioyed him dead.

But when ſhee conſidered that his life was alreadie loſt, and now not ſo much as his bodie could bee found, ſhe was wholly daunted with diſmay, ſith this vnhappineſſe admitted no helpe. She doubted leaſt the loue of her maiſter (the onely portion that her fortune had left her) would ſoone languiſh in her cold breaſt, if it neither had his words to kindle it, nor his preſence to cheriſh it, nor ſo much as his dead aſhes to rake it vp. Shee had prepared her ſpices, and prouided her oyntments, to pay him the laſt tribute, of externall duties. And though *Ioſeph* and *Nicodemus* had already beſtowed a hundreth pounds of Mirrhe and Aloes, which was in quantity ſufficient, in qualitie of the beſt, and as well applyed as art and deuotion could deuiſe: yet ſuch was her loue, that ſhee would haue thought any quantitie too little, except hers had beene added, the beſt in qualitie too meane, except hers were with it, and no diligence in applying it enough, except her ſeruice were in it. Not that ſhe was ſharpe in cenſuring that which others had done, but becauſe loue made her ſo deſirous to doe all her ſelfe, that though all had been done that ſhe could deuiſe, and as well as ſhe could wiſh, yet vnleſſe ſhee were an Actor it would not ſuffice, ſith loue is as eager to bee vttered in effects, as it is zealous in true affection. She came therefore now meaning to enbalme his corps,

as ſhe had before annoynted his feet, and to preſerue the reliques of his body, as the onely remnant of all her bliſſe. And as in the ſpring of her felicitie ſhe had waſhed his feet with her teares, bewayling vnto him the death of her owne ſoule: ſo now ſhee came in the depth of her miſerie, to ſhedde them a freſh for the death of his body. But when ſhe ſaw the graue open, and the bodie taken out, the labour of embalming was preuented, but the cauſe of her weeping encreaſed, and hee that was wanting to her obſequies, was not wanting to her teares, and though ſhe found not whom to annoynt, yet found ſhee whom to lament.

And not without cauſe did *Marie* complaine, finding her firſt anguiſh doubled with a ſecond griefe, and being ſurcharged with two moſt violent ſorrows in one afflicted heart. For hauing ſetled her whole affection vpon Chriſt, and ſummed all her deſires and wiſhes into the loue of his goodnes, as nothing could equall his worthes: ſo was there not in the whole world, either a greater benefite for her to enioy than himſelfe, or any greater dammage poſsible than his loſſe.

The murdering in his owne death, the life of all liues, left a generall death in all liuing creatures, and his deceaſe not only diſrobed our nature of her moſt royall ornaments, but impoueriſhed the world of all higheſt perfections. What maruell therefore though her vehement loue to ſo louely a Lord, being after the wrecke of his life, now alſo depriued of his dead bodie,

bodie, feele as bitter pangs for his loſſe, as before it taſted ioyes in his preſence, and open as large an iſſue to teares of ſorrow, as euer heretofore to teares of contentment? And though teares were rather oyle than water to her flame, apter to nouriſh than diminiſh her griefe: yet now being plunged in the depth of paine, ſhee yeelded her ſelfe captiue to all diſcomfort, carrying an ouerthrowne mind in a more enfeebled bodie, and ſtill buſie in deuiſing, but euer doubtfull in defining what ſhe might beſt doe. For what could a ſilly woman doe but weepe, that floating in a ſea of cares, found neither eare to heare her, nor tongue to direct her, nor hand to helpe her, nor heart to pitie her in her deſolate caſe? True it is, that *Peter* and *Iohn* came with her to the Tombe, and to make triall of her report, were both within it: but as they were ſpeedy in comming, and diligent in ſearching, ſo were they as quicke to depart, and fearefull of farther ſeeking. And alas, what gayned ſhee by their comming, but two witneſſes of her loſſe, two diſmayers of her hope, and two patternes of a new deſpaire? Loue mooued them to come, but their loue was ſoone conquered, with ſuch feare, that it ſuffered them not to ſtay. But *Mary* hoping in deſpaire, and perſeuering in hope, ſtood without feare, becauſe ſhee now thought nothing left that ought to be feared. For ſhe had loſt her maiſter to whom ſhe was ſo entirely deuoted, that he was the totall of her loues, the height of her hopes, and the vttermoſt of her feares, and therefore beſide him, ſhee could neither loue other

creature,

creature, hope for other comfort, nor feare other losse. The worst she could feare, was the death of her bodie, and that sheerather desired than feared, sith she had already lost the life of her soule, without which any other life would be a death, and with which any other death would haue been a delight. But now she thought it better to die than to liue, because shee might happily dying finde, whom not dying shee looked not to enioy, and not enioying shee had little will to liue. For now shee loued nothing in her life, but her loue to Christ, and if any thing did make her willing to liue, it was onely the vnwillingnesse that his image should die with her, whose likenesse loue had limitted in her heart, and treasured vp in her sweetest memories. And had she not feared to breake the table, and to breake open the closet, to which shee had entrusted this last relique of her lost happinesse, the violence of griefe would haue melted her heart into inward bleeding teares, and blotted her remembrance with a fatall obliuion. And yet neuertheless, she is now in so imperfect a sort aliue, that it is prooued true in her, that *Loue is as strong as death.* For what could death haue done more in *Marie* than loue did? Her wits were astonied, and all her sences so amazed, that in the end finding she did not know, seeing she could not discerne, hearing she perceiued not, and more than all this, shee was not there where shee was, for shee was wholy where her maister was, more where she loued than where she liued, and lesse in her selfe than in his bodie, which notwithstanding, where

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it was ſhe could not imagine. For ſhe ſought, and as yet found not, & therfore ſtood at the Tombe weeping for it, being now altogether giuen to mourning, and driuen to miſery.

But O *Mary*, by whoſe counſaile, vpon what hope, or with what heart, couldeſt thou ſtand alone, when the Diſciples were departed? Thou wert there once before they came, thou turnedſt againe at their comming, and yet now thou ſtayeſt when they are gone. Alas that thy Lord is not in the Tombe, thine owne eyes haue often ſeen, the Diſciples hands haue felt, the empty Syndon doth auouch, and cannot all this winne thee to beleeue it? No no, thou wouldeſt rather condemne thine owne eyes of error, and both their eyes and hands of deceit, yea, rather ſuſpect all teſtimonies for vntrue, than not look whom thou haſt loſt, euen there, where by no diligence he could be found. When thou thinkeſt of other places, and canſt not imagine any ſo likely as this, thou ſeekeſt againe in this, and though neuer ſo often ſought, it muſt ſtill be a haunt for hope. For when things derely affected are loſt, loues nature is, neuer to be weary of ſearching euen the ofteneſt ſearched corners, being more willing to think that all the ſences are miſtaken, than to yeeld that hope ſhould quaile. Yet now ſith it is ſo euident, that he is taken away, what ſhould moue thee to remaine here where the perill is apparant, and no profit likely? Can the wit of one (and ſhe a woman) wholly poſſeſſed with paſsion, haue more light to diſcerne danger, than two wits of two men,

and both principall fauorites of the parant of all wisdome? Or if (notwithstanding the danger) there had beene iust cause to encounter it, were not two together, being both to Christ sworne champions, each to other affied friends, and to al his enemies professed foes, more likely to haue preuailed, than one feminine heart, timorous by kinde, and already amazed with this dreadfull accident?

But alas, why doe I vrge her with reason, whose reason is altred into loue, and that iudgeth it folly to follow such reason, as should any way impaire her loue? Her thoughts were arrested by euery thread of Christs Sindon, and she was captiue in so many prisons, as the tombe had memories of her lost master: Loue being her Iaylor in them all, and nothing able to ransome her, but the recouery of her Lord. What maruaile then though the Apostles examples drew her not away, whom so violent a loue enforced to remaine, which prescribing lawes both to wit and wil, is guided by no other law but it selfe? She could not thinke of any feare, nor stand in feare of any force. Loue armed her against all hazards, and being already wounded with the greatest griefe, she had no leasure to remember any lesser euill. Yea she had forgotten all things, and her selfe among all things, onely mindfull of him, whom she loued aboue al things. And yet her loue by reason of her losse, drowned both her mind and memory so deepe in sorrow, & so busied her wits in the conceit of his absence, that all remembrance of his former promises, was diuerted

with

with the throng of preſent diſcomforts, and ſhe ſeemed to haue forgotten alſo him beſides whom ſhee remembred nothing. For doubtles had ſhe remembred him as ſhee ſhould, ſhee would not haue now thought the Tombe a fit place to ſeeke him neyther would ſhee mourne for him as dead, and remoued by others force, but ioy in him as reuiued, and riſen by his owne power. For he had often foretold both the manner of his death, and the day of his Reſurrection. But alas, let her heauineſſe excuſe her, and the vnwontedneſſe of the miracle plead her pardon, ſith dread & amazement hath dulled her ſenſes, diſtempered her thoughts, diſcouraged her hopes, awaked her paſſions, & left her no other liberty but onely to weep. She wept therfore, being onely able to weepe. *And as ſhe was weeping, ſhe ſtouped down & looked into the Monument, & ſhe ſaw two Angels in white, ſitting one at the head, and another at the feet, wher the body of Ieſus had been layd. They ſaid vnto her, Woman why weepeſt thou?* Iohn 20.

O *Mary*, thy good hap exceedeth thy hope, and where thy laſt ſorrow was bred, thy firſt ſuccor ſpringeth. Thou diddeſt ſeek but one, and thou haſt found two. A dead body was thy errand, and thou haſt light vpon two aliue. Thy weeping was for a man, and thy teares haue obtained Angels. Suppreſſe now thy ſadneſſe, and refreſh thy heart with this good fortune. Theſe Angels inuite thee to a parlee, they ſeeme to take pitty of thy caſe, and it may be, they haue ſome happy tidings to tel thee. Thou haſt hetherto ſought

in vaine, as one either vnſeene, or vnknowne, or at the leaſt vnregarded, ſith the party thou ſeekeſt, neither tendereth thy teares, nor anſwereth thy cryes, nor relenteth with thy lamentings. Either hee doth not heare, or he will not help, he hath peraduenture left to loue thee, and is loth to yeeld thee reliefe, and therefore take ſuch comfort as thou findeſt, ſith thou art not ſo lucky, as to finde that which thou couldeſt wiſh. Remember what they are, where they ſit, from whence they come, and to whom they ſpeake. They are Angels of peace, neither ſent without cauſe, nor ſeen but of fauor. They ſit in the tombe, to ſhew that they are no ſtrangers to thy loſſe. They come from Heauen, frō whence al happy news diſcendeth. They ſpeak to thy ſelf as though they had ſome ſpecial embaſſage to deliuer vnto thee. Aske thē therfore of thy maſter, for they are likelieſt to returne thee a deſired anſwere. Thou kneweſt him too well, to think that hell hath deuoured him, thou haſt long ſought, and haſt not found him in earth, and what place ſo fit for him as to be in heauen? Aske therefore of thoſe Angels that came newly from thence, and it may be, their report will highly pleaſe thee. Or if thou art reſolued to continue thy ſeeking, who can better helpe thee than they that are ſo ſwift as thy thought, as faithfull as thy owne heart, and as louing to thy Lord as thou thy ſelfe? Take therefore thy good hap, leaſt it be taken away from thee, and content thee with Angels ſith thy maſter hath giuen thee ouer.

But alas, what meaneth this change, and how happeneth

happeneth this ſtrange alteration? The time hath beene that fewer teares would haue wrought greater effect, ſhorter ſeeking haue ſooner found, and leſſe pain haue procured more pitty. The time hath ben that thy annointing his feet, was accepted and praiſed, thy waſhing them with teares highly commended, and thy wiping them with thy haire, moſt courteouſly conſtrued. How then doth it now fall out, that hauing brought thy ſweet oyles, to annoint his whole body, hauing ſhed as many teares, as would haue waſhed more than his feet, and hauing not only thy haire, but thy heart ready to ſerue him, he is not moued with all theſe duties, ſo much as once to afford thee his ſight? Is it not he that reclaimed thee from thy wandring courſes, that diſpoſſeſſed thee of thy damned Inhabitants, & from the wilds of ſinne, recouered thee into the fold and family of his flock? Was not thy houſe his home, his loue thy life, thy ſelfe his diſciple? Did not he defend thee againſt the Phariſee, plead for thee againſt *Iudas*, & excuſe thee to thy ſiſter? In ſumme, was not hee thy Patron and Protector in all thy neceſſities?

O good *Ieſu*, what hath thus eſtranged thee from her? Thou haſt heretofore ſo pitied her teares, that ſeeing them thou couldeſt not refraine thine. In one of her greateſt agonies for loue of her that ſo much loued thee, thou didſt recall her dead brother to life, turning her complaint into vnexpected contentment. And we know that thou doeſt not vſe to alter courſe without cauſe, nor to chaſtiſe without deſert.

Thou art the firſt that inuiteſt, and the laſt that forſakeſt, neuer leauing but firſt left, and euer offering, till thou art refuſed. How then hath ſhe forfeited thy fauour? Or with what treſpaſſe hath ſhe earned thy ill will? That ſhe neuer left to loue thee, her heart will depoſe, her hand will ſubſcribe, her tongue will proteſt, her teares will teſtifie, and her ſeeking doth aſſure. And alas, is her particuler caſe ſo farre from example, that thou ſhouldeſt rather alter thy nature, than ſhe better her Fortune, and be to her as thou art to no other? For our parts ſince thy laſt ſhew of liking towards her, we haue found no other fault in her, but that ſhe was the earlieſt vp to ſeeke thee, readieſt to annoint thee, and when ſhe ſaw that thou wert remoued, ſhe forthwith did weepe for thee, and preſently went for helpe to finde thee. And wheras thoſe two that ſhe brought, being leſſe carefull of thee than fearefull of themſelues, when they had ſeene what ſhe had ſaid, ſodainly ſhrunke away, behold ſhe ſtill ſtayeth, ſhe ſtill ſeeketh, ſhe ſtill weepeth. If this be a fault, we cannot deny but this ſhe doth, and to this ſhe perſwadeth, yea, this ſhe neither meaneth to amend, nor requeſteth thee to forgiue: if therefore thou reckoneſt this as puniſhable, puniſhed ſhe muſt be, ſith no excuſe hath effect where the fact pleadeth guiltie. But if this import not any offence but a true affection, and be rather a good deſire than an euil deſert, why art thou ſo hard a Iudge to ſo ſoft a creature, requiring her loue with thy loſſe, and ſuſpending her hopes in this vnhappineſſe? Are not thoſe thy words;

I loue

I loue thoſe that loue me, and who watcheth early for me ſhal find me? why then doth not this woman find thee that was vp ſo early to watch for thee? Why doeſt thou not with like repay her, that beſtoweth vpon thee her whole loue, ſith thy word is her warrant, and thy promiſe her due debt? Art thou leſſe moued with theſe teares that ſhe ſheddeth for thee her onely Maſter, than thou wert with thoſe that ſhee ſhed before thee for her deceaſed brother? Or doth her loue to thy ſeruant more pleaſe thee than her loue to thy ſelfe? Our loue to others muſt not be to them, but to thee in them. For hee loueth thee ſo much the leſſe, that loueth any thing with thee. If therefore ſhee then deſerued well for louing thee in another, ſhee deſerued better now for louing thee in thy ſelfe: and if indeede thou loueſt thoſe that loue thee, make thy word good to her, that is ſo farre in loue with thee. Of thy ſelfe thou haſt ſaid, that thou art *The way, the truth, and the life.* If then thou art a way eaſie to finde and neuer erring, how doth ſhee miſſe thee? If a life giuing life and neuer ending, why is ſhe ready to die for thee? If a true promiſing truth and neuer failing, how is ſhe bereaued of thee? For if what thy tongue did ſpeake, thy truth will auerre, ſhe will neuer aske more to make her moſt happy. Remember that thou ſaidſt to her ſiſter, that *Mary had choſen the beſt part, which ſhould not be taken from her.* That ſhe choſe the beſt part is out of queſtion, ſith ſhee made choiſe of nothing but onely of thee. But how can it be verified, that this part ſhal not be taken from her,

her, ſith thou that art this part art already takē away? If ſhe could haue kept thee, ſhe would not haue loſt thee, and had it been in her power, as it was in her wil, ſhe would neuer haue parted from thee: and might ſhe now be reſtored to thy preſence, ſhee would trie all fortunes rather than forgoe thee. Sith therefore ſhe ſeeketh nothing but what ſhe choſe, and the loſſe of her choiſe is the onely cauſe of her combate, either vouchſafe thou to keepe this beſt part that ſhe choſe in her, or I ſee not how it can be true, that it ſhall not be taken from her. But thy meaning happily was, that though it be taken from her eyes, yet it ſhould neuer be taken from her heart, and it may be thy inward preſence ſupplyeth thine outward abſence: yet I can hardly thinke, but that if *Mary* had thee within her, ſhe could feele it, and if ſhe felt it, ſhe would neuer ſeeke thee. Thou art too hot a fire to be in her boſome and not to burne her, and thy light is too great, to leaue her mind in this darkneſſe if it ſhined in her. In true louers euery part is an eye, and euery thought a looke, and therfore ſo ſweet an obiect among ſo many eyes, & in ſo great a light, could neuer lie ſo hidden but loue would eſpy it. No no, if *Mary* had thee, her innocent heart (neuer taught to diſſemble) could not make complaint the out-ſide of a concealed comfort, neither would ſhe turne her thoughts to paſture in a dead mans Toombe, if at home ſhe might bid them to ſo heauenly a banquet. Her loue would not haue a thought to ſpare, nor a minute to ſpend, in any other action thā in enioying of thee, whom ſhe knew too well, to abridge the leaſt

part

part of her from ſo high a happineſſe. For her thirſt of thy preſence was ſo exceeding, and the Sea of thy ioyes ſo well able to afford her a full draught, that though euery parcell in her ſhould take in a whole tide of thy delights, ſhee would thinke them too few to quiet her deſires. Yea doubtleſſe, if ſhe had thee within her, ſhee would not enuy the fortune of the richeſt Empreſſe, yea ſhe would more reioyce to be thy Toombe in earth, than a throne in heauen, and diſdaine to be a Saint if ſhe were worthy to be but thy ſhrine.

But peraduenture it is now with her mind, as it was with the Apoſtles eyes, and as they ſeeing thee walke vpon the Sea took thee for a Ghoſt, ſo ſhe ſeeing thee in her heart, deemeth thee but a fancie, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily ſhape, than with thy ſpirituall power.

But O *Mary*, it ſeemeth too ſtrange that he whom thou ſeekeſt, and for whom thou weepeſt, ſhould thus giue thee ouer, to theſe painfull fits, if in thee he did not ſee a cauſe for which he will not be ſeen of thee. Still thy plaint and ſtint thy weeping, for I doubt there is ſome treſpaſſe in thy teares, and ſome ſin in thy ſorrow. Doeſt thou not remember his words to thee and to other women, when he ſayd: *Daughters of Ieruſalem weep not vpon me, but weep vpon your ſelues and vpon your children?* what meaneſt thou then to continue this courſe? Doth he forbid thy teares, & wilt thou not forbeare thē? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will that his words do import?

The fault muſt be mended, ere the penance be releaſed, and therefore either ceaſe to weepe, or neuer hope to finde. But I know this Logike little pleaſeth thee, and I might as ſoone win thee to forbeare liuing as to leaue weeping.

Thou wilt ſay, that though hee forbad thee to weepe for him, yet he left thee free, to weepe for thy ſelfe, and ſith thy loue hath made thee one with him, thou weepeſt but for thy ſelfe when thou weepeſt for him. But I anſwere thee againe, that becauſe he is one with thee, and thy weeping for him hath been forbidden thee, thou canſt not weepe for thy ſelfe, but his words will condemne thee. For if thou and he are one, for which ſoeuer thou weepeſt it is al one, and therefore ſith for him thou maiſt not weep, forbeare al weeping leaſt it ſhould offend. Yea but (ſaiſt thou) to barre me from weeping, is to abridge me of liberty, & reſtraint of liberty is a penaltie, and euery penaltie ſuppoſeth ſome offence: but an offence it is not to weep for my ſelfe, for he would neuer commaund it, if it were not lawfull to doe it. The fault therfore muſt be, in being one with him, that maketh the weeping for my ſelfe, a weeping alſo for him. And if this be a fault, I will neuer amend it, and let them that think it ſo, do pennance for it, for my part, ſith I haue loſt my myrth, I will make much of my ſorrow, and ſith I haue no ioy but in teares, I may lawfully ſhedde them. Neither thinke I his former word, a warrant againſt his latter deede. And what need had he to weepe vpon the Croſſe, but for our example,

example, which if it were good for him to giue, it cannot be euill for me to follow? No no, it is not my weeping that cauſeth my loſſe, ſith a world of eyes, and a ſea of teares, could not worthily bewaile the miſſe of ſuch a maiſter.

Yet ſince, neither thy ſeeking findeth, nor thy weeping preuaileth, ſatisfie thy ſelfe with the ſight of Angels. Demaund the cauſe of their comming, and the reaſon of thy Lords remooue, and ſith they firſt offer thee occaſiõ of parlee, be not thou too dainty of thy diſcourſe. It may be they can calme thy ſtorms, and quiet thy vnreſt, and therfore conceale not from them thy ſore, leaſt thou loſe the benefit of their emplaiſter. But nothing can moue *Mary* to admit comfort or entertain any company, for to one alone, and for euer ſhee hath vowed her ſelfe, and except it be to him, ſhee will neither lend her eare long to others, nor borrow others helpe, leaſt by the ſeeking to allay her ſmart, ſhe ſhould leſſen her loue. But drawing into her minde all penſiue conceits, ſhe muſeth and pineth in a conſuming langour, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortleſſe.

Alas, (ſaith ſhe) ſmall is the light that a ſtarre can yeeld when the ſunne is down, and a ſorry exchange to goe gather the crums after the loſſe of a heauenly repaſt. My eyes are not vſed to ſee by the glims of a ſparke: and in ſeeking the ſunne it is either needleſſe, or bootleſſe to borrow the light of a candle, ſith either it muſt bewray it ſelfe with the ſelfe light, or no other light can either diſcouer it. If they come to

disburden me of my heauineſſe, their comming will be burdenſome vnto me, and they wil load me more while they labour my reliefe. They cannot perſwade me, that my maiſter is not loſt, for my owne eyes will diſprooue them. They can leſſe tell me where he may be found, for they would not be ſo ſimple to be ſo long from him: or if they can forbeare him, ſurely they doe not know him, whom none can truly know, and liue long without him. Al their demurres would be tedious, and diſcourſes irkeſome. Impaire my loue they might, but appay it they could not, to which he that firſt accepted the debt is the only paimēt. They either want power, will, or leaue to tell me my deſire; or at the firſt word they would haue done it, ſith Angels are not vſed to idle ſpeeches, and to me all talke is idle, that doth not tel me of my maſter. They know not where he is, and therefore they are are come to the place where he laſt was, making the Tombe their heauen, and the remembrance of his preſence the food of their felicitie. Whatſoeuer they could tell me, if they told me not of him, and whatſoeuer they ſhould tell mee of him, if they told me not where he were, both their telling and my hearing were but a waſting of time. I neither came to ſee them, nor deſire to heare them. I came not to ſee Angels, but him that made both me and Angels, and to whom I owe more than both to men and Angels.

And to thee I appeale, O moſt louing Lord, whether my afflicted hart doth not truely defray the tribute of an vndeuided loue. To thee I appeale, whether

I haue

I haue ioyned any partner with thee, in the ſmall poſſeſſion of my poore ſelfe. And I would to God I were as priuie where thy body is, as thou art, who is onely Lord and owner of my ſoule.

But alas ſweet *Ieſu*, where thou wert thou art not, and where thou art I know not: wretched is the eaſe that I am in, and yet how to better it I cannot imagine. Alas O my onely deſire, why haſt thou left me wauering in theſe vncertainties, and in how wild a maze wander my doubtfull and perplexed thoughts. If I ſtay here where he is not, I ſhall neuer find him. If I goe further to ſeeke, I know not whether. To leaue the Tombe is a death, and to ſtand helpleſſe by it an vncurable diſeaſe, ſo that all my comfort is now concluded in this, that I am free to chooſe whether I will ſtay without helpe, or goe without hope, that is in effect, with what torment I wil end my life. And yet euen this were too happy a choiſe for ſo vnhappy a creature. If I might be chooſer of my owne death, O how quickly ſhould that choiſe be made, and how willingly would I runne to that execution? I would be nailed to the ſame croſſe, with the ſame nailes, & in the ſame place: my heart ſhould be wounded with his ſpeare, my head with his thornes, my body with his whippes: Finally, I would taſte all his torments, and tread all his embrued and bloodie ſteps.

But O ambitious thoughts, why gaze you vpon ſo high a felicitie? why thinke you of ſo glorious a

death, that are priuie to so infamous a life? death alas I deserue, yea not one but infinit deaths. But so sweet a death, seasoned with so many comforts, the very instruments wherof were able to raise the deadest corps, and depure the most defiled soule, were too small a scourge for my great offences. And therefore I am left to feele so many deaths as I liue houres and to passe as many pangs, as I haue thoughts of my losse, which are as many as there are minuts, and as violent as if they were all in euery one. But sith I can neither die as hee died, nor liue where he lyeth dead, I wil liue out my liuing death, by his graue, and die on my dying life by his sweet Tombe. Better is it after losse of his body to looke to his Sepulcher, than after the losse of the one, to leaue the other to be destroyed. No, no, though I haue been robbed of the Saint, I will at the least haue care of the shrine, which though it be spoyled of the most soueraigne hoast, yet shall it be the Alter where I will dayly sacrifice my heart, and offer vp my teares.

Here will I euer lead, yea here doe I meane to end my wrethed life, that I may at the least be buried by the Tombe of my Lord, and take my iron sleep nere this couch of stone, which his presence hath made the place of sweetest repose.

It may be also that this empty Syndon lying here to no vse, and this Tombe being open without any in it, may giue occasion to some merciful heart, that shall first light vpon my vnburied bodie, to wrap me in his shroud, and to interre me in this Tombe.

O too fortunate lot, for ſo vnfortunate a woman to craue: no,no,I do not craue it. For alas,I dare not, yet if ſuch an ouer-ſight ſhould be committed,I doe now before-hand,forgiue that ſinner, and were it no more preſumption to wiſh it aliue, than to ſuffer it dead, if I knew the party that ſhould firſt paſſe by me,I wold woo him with my teares, & hire him with my praiers,to bleſſe me with this felicity. And thogh I dare not wiſh any to do it, yet this (without offence) I may ſay to all, that I loue this *Syndon* aboue all clothes in the world,and this Tombe I eſteem more than any Princes monument: yea,and I thinke that coarſe highly fauoured, that ſhall ſucceed my Lord in it, and for my part as I meane, that the ground where I ſtand, ſhall be my death-bed, ſo am I not of *Iacobs* mind to haue my bodie buried farre from the place where it dieth,but euen in the next & readieſt graue,and that as ſoone as my breath faileth,ſith delayes are bootles, where death hath won poſſeſſion.

But alas,I dare not ſay any more, let my bodie take ſuch fortune as befalleth it: my ſoule at the leaſt ſhall dwell in this ſweet Paradiſe,and from this brittle caſe of fleſh and blood, paſſe preſently into the glorious Toombe of God and man. It is now inwrapped in a maſſe of corruption, it ſhall then enioy a place of high perfection: where it is now it is more by force than by choiſe, and like a repining priſoner in a lothed gayle. But there in a little roome it ſhould find perfect reſt,and in the priſon of death, the liberty of a ioyfull life.

O

O ſweet Tombe of my ſweeteſt Lord, while I liue I will ſtay by thee, when I die, I will cleaue vnto thee: neither aliue nor dead, will I euer be drawne from thee. Thou art the Altar of mercy, the temple of truth, the ſanctuarie of ſafety, the graue of death, and the cradle of eternall life. O heauen of my eclipſed ſunne, receiue vnto thee this ſilly ſtarre that hath now alſo loſt all wiſhed light. O Whale that haſt ſwallowed my onely *Ionas*, ſwallow alſo mee more worthy to be thy pray, ſith I, and not he, was the cauſe of this bloodie tempeſt. O Ceſtern of my innocent *Ioſeph*, take me into thy drie bottome, ſith I, and not he gaue iuſt cauſe of offence to my enraged brethren. But alas, in what cloud haſt thou hidden the light of our way? Vpon what ſhore haſt thou caſt vp the Preacher of all truth? or to what Iſmaelite haſt thou yeelded the purueior of our life?

Oh vnhappie me, why did I not before thinke of that which I now aske? Why did I leaue him when I had him, thus to lament him now that I haue loſt him? If I had watched with perſeuerance, either none would haue taken him, or they ſhould haue taken me with him.

But through too much preciſeneſſe in keeping the Law, I haue loſt the Law-maker, and by being too ſcrupulous in obſeruing his ceremonies, I am proued irreligious in looſing himſelfe, ſith I ſhould rather haue remained with the truth than forſaken it, to ſolemnize the figure. The Sabboth could not haue been prophaned in ſtanding by his coarſe, by which

which the prophaneſt things are ſanctified,& whoſe touch doth not defile the cleane, but cleanſeth the moſt defiled.

But when it was time to ſtay,I departed: when it was too late to helpe, I returned: and now I repent my folly, when it cannot be amended. But let my heart diſſolue into ſighes, mine eyes melt in teares, and my deſolate ſoule languiſh in diſlikes: yea, let all that I am and haue, indure the deſerued puniſhment, that if hee were incenſed with my fault, hee may be appeaſed with my pennance, and returne vpon the amendment that fledde from the offence.

Thus when her timorous conſcience had indited her of ſo great an omiſſion, and her tongue enforced the euidence with theſe bitter accuſations. Loue, that was now the onely vmpier in all her cauſes, condemned her eyes to a freſh ſhowre of teares, her breſt to a new ſtorme of ſighes, and her ſoule, to be perpetuall priſoner to reſtleſſe ſorrowes.

But O *Mary*, thou deceiueſt thy ſelfe in thy owne deſires, and it well appeareth, that exceſſe of griefe, hath bred in thee a defect of due prouidence. And wouldeſt thou indeed haue thy wiſhes come to paſſe, and thy words fulfilled? Tell me then, I pray thee, if thy heart were diſſolued, where wouldeſt thou harbour thy Lord? what wouldeſt thou offer him? how wouldeſt thou loue him?

Thy eies haue loſt him, thy hands cannot feele him, thy feet cannot follow him, and if it beat all in thee,

it is thy heart that hath him, and wouldeſt thou now haue that diſſolued, from thence alſo to exile him? And if thy eyes were melted, thy ſoule in langor, and thy ſences decayed, how wouldeſt thou ſee him, if he did appeare? how ſhouldeſt thou heare him, if he did ſpeake? how couldeſt thou know him, though he were there preſent?

Thou thinkeſt happily that he loueth thee ſo wel, that if thy heart were ſpent for his loue, hee would either lend his owne heart vnto thee, or create a new heart in thee, better than that which thy ſorrow took from thee. It may be thou imagineſt that if thy ſoule would giue place, his ſoule wanting now a bodie, would enter into thine, with ſupply of all thy ſences, and releaſe of thy ſorrowes.

O *Mary*, thou didſt not marke what thy maiſter was wont to ſay, when he told thee, that the third day he ſhould riſe againe. For if thou hadſt heard him, or at the leaſt vnderſtood him, thou wouldeſt not thinke, but that hee now vſeth both his heart and ſoule in the life of his owne bodie. And therefore repaire to the Angels, and enquire more of them, leaſt thy Lord be diſpleaſed, that comming from him, thou wilt not entertaine them.

But *Mary*, whoſe deuotions were all fixed vpon a nobler Saint, and that had ſo ſtraightly bound her thoughts to his onely affection, that ſhe rather deſired to vnknow whom ſhe knew already, than to burthen her minde with the knowledge of new acquaintance, could not make her will, long ſince poſſeſſed

with

with the higheſt loue, ſtoupe to the acceptance of meaner friendſhips. And for this though ſhe did not ſcornefully reiect, yet did ſhe with humilitie refuſe the Angels company, thinking it no diſcourteſie to take her ſelfe from them, for to giue her ſelfe more wholy to her Lord, to whom both ſhe and they were wholy deuoted, and ought moſt loue and greateſt duty. Sorrow alſo being now the onely interpreter of all that ſence, deliuered to her vnderſtanding, made her conſter their demaund in a more doubtfull than true meaning.

If (*ſaith ſhe*) they came to eaſe my affliction, they could not be ignorant of the cauſe: and if they were not ignorant of it, they would neuer aske it, why then did they ſay, *Woman why weepeſt thou?*

If their queſtion did import a prohibition, the neceſſitie of the occaſion doth countermaund their counſaile, and fitter it were they ſhould weepe with me, than I in not weeping obey them. If the ſun were aſhamed to ſhew his brightnes, when the father of lights was darkned with ſuch diſgrace: if the heauens diſcolouring their beauties, ſuted themſelues to their makers fortune: If the whole frame of nature were almoſt diſſolued to ſee the author of nature ſo vnnaturally abuſed: why may not Angels, that beſt knew the indignitie of the caſe, make vp a part in this lamentable conſort: And eſpecially now, that by the loſſe of his body, the cauſe of weeping is increaſed, and yet the number of mourners leſſened: ſith the Apoſtles are fled, all his friends afraid, and poore I

left alone to ſupply the teares of all creatures? *O who will giue water to my head, and a fountaine of teares vnto my eyes, that I may weepe day and night, and neuer ceaſe weeping?* O my onely Lord thy griefe was the greateſt that euer was in man, and my griefe as great as euer happened to woman: for my loue hath carued me no ſmall portion of thine, thy loſſe hath redoubled the torment of my owne, and all creatures ſeeme to haue made ouer to me theirs, leauing mee as the vicegerent of all their ſorrow. Sorrow with me at the leaſt O thou Tombe, and thawe into teares you hardeſt ſtones. The time is now come, that you are licenſed to cry, and bound to recompence the ſilence of your Lords Diſciples, of whom hee himſelfe ſayd to the Phariſees, that if they held their peace, the very ſtones ſhould cry for them. Now therefore ſith feare hath locked vp their lips, and ſadnes made them mute, let the ſtones cry out againſt the murderers of my Lord, & bewray the robbers of his ſacred body.

And I feare that were it well knowne who hath taken him away, there is no ſtone ſo ſtony, but ſhould haue cauſe to lament.

It was doubtleſſe the ſpite of ſome malicious Phariſee or bloody Scribe, that not contented with thoſe torments, that he ſuffered in life (of which euery one to any other would haue beene a tyrannicall death) hath now ſtolne away his dead body, to practiſe vpon it ſome ſauage cruelty, and to glut their pittileſſe eyes, and brutiſh hearts with the vnnaturall vſage of his helpleſſe corps. O yee rocks and ſtones,

if

if euer you muſt cry out, now it is high time, ſith the light, the life, and the Lord of the world is thus darkned, maſſacred and outragiouſly miſuſed.

Doth not his tongue, whoſe trueth is infallible, and whoſe word omnipotent, commaunding both windes and ſeas, and neuer diſobeyed of the moſt ſenſible creatures, promiſe to arme the world, and make the whole earth to fight againſt the ſenceleſſe perſons, in defence of the iuſt? And who more iuſt than the Lord of iuſtice? who more ſenceleſſe than his barbarous murtherers, whoſe inſatiable thirſt of his innocent blood, could not be ſtaunched with their cruell butchering him at his death, vnles they proceeded further in this helliſh impiety to his dead body. Why then doe not al creatures addreſſe themſelues to reuenge ſo iuſt a quarrell, vpon ſo ſenceles wretches, left of all reaſon, forſaken of humanitie, and bereaued of all feeling both of God and man?

O *Mary*, why doeſt thou thus torment thy ſelfe with theſe tragical ſurmiſes? Doeſt thou thinke that the Angels would ſit ſtill, if their maiſter were not well? Did they ſerue him after his faſting, and would they deſpiſe him after his deceaſe? Did they comfort him before hee was apprehended, and would none defend him when hee was dead? If in the garden hee might haue had twelue Legions of them, is his power ſo quite dead with his body, that hee could not now commaund them? was there an Angell found to help *Daniel* to his dinner, to ſaue *Toby* from the fiſh, yea and to defend *Balaams*

poore beaſt from his maſters rage: and is the Lord of Angels of ſo little reckoning, that if his body ſtood in need, neuer an Angell would defend it? Thou ſeeſt two here preſent to honor his Tombe, & how much more carefull would they be to doe homage to his perſon? Beleeue not *Marie* that they would ſmile, if thou haddeſt ſuch occaſion to weep. They would not ſo glorioufly ſhine in white, if a blacke & mourning weede did better become them, or were a fitter liuerie for thy maſter to giue, or thē to weare. Yeeld not more to thy vncertain feare, & deceiued loue, than to their aſſured knowledge, and neuer erring charitie. Can a material eie ſee more than a heauenly ſpirit, or the glimmering of thy twi-light giue better aime than the beams of their eternall ſunne? Would they (thinkeſt thou) waite vpon the winding ſheete, while the coarſe were abuſed, or be here for thy comfort, if their Lord did neede their ſeruice? No no, he was neither any theeues booty, nor Phariſees pray, neither are the Angels ſo careleſſe of him, as thy ſuſpition preſumeth. And if their preſence and demeanour cannot alter thy conceit, looke vpon the clothes and they will teach thee thine errour, and cleere thee of thy doubt.

Would any theefe thinkeſt thou haue been ſo religious, as to haue ſtolne the body, & left the clothes? yea, would he haue been ſo venturous, as to haue ſtayed the vnſhrowding of the coarſe, the well ordering of the ſheets, and folding vp the napkins? Thou knoweſt that the myrrhe maketh linnen cleaue as

faſt

faſt as pitch or glue: and was a theefe at ſo much leaſure, as to diſſolue the myrrhe and vncloath the dead? what did the watch while the ſeales were broken, the Tombe opened, the body vnfolded, all other things ordered as now thou ſeeſt? And if all this cannot yet perſwade thee, beleeue at the leaſt thy owne experience. When thy maſter was ſtripped at the croſſe, thou knoweſt that his onely garment being congealed to his goarie backe, came not off without many parts of his skin, and doubtleſſe would haue torne off many more, if he had ben annointed with mirrhe: Looke then into the ſheete, whether there remaine any parcell of skin, or any one haire of his head: and ſith there is none to be found, beleeue ſome better iſſue of thy maiſters abſence, than thy feare ſuggeſteth. A guilty conſcience doubteth want of time, and therefore diſpatcheth haſtily. It is in hazard to be diſcouered, and therefore practiſeth in darkneſſe and ſecreſie. It euer worketh in extreame feare, and therefore hath no leaſure to place things orderly. But to vnwrap ſo mangled a bodie, out of mirrhed cloathes, without tearing of any skinne, or leauing on any mirrhe, is a thing either to man impoſſible, or not poſſible to be done with ſuch ſpeed, without light or help, and with ſo good order. Aſſure thy ſelfe therfore, that if either of malice, or by fraud the coarſe had been remoued, the linnen and mirrh ſhould neuer haue been left, and neither could the Angels looke ſo chearfully, nor the clothes lye ſo orderly, but to import ſome happier accident, than

thou

thou conceiueſt. But to free thee more from feare, conſider theſe words of the Angels, *Woman why weepeſt thou?* For what doe they ſignifie, but as much in effect as if they had ſaid: Where Angels reioyce, it agreeth not that a woman ſhould weepe, and where heauenly eyes are witneſſes of ioy, no mortall eye ſhould controll them with teſtimonies of ſorrow? With more than a manly courage thou diddeſt before my comming, arme thy feete to runne among ſwords, thy armes to remoue huge loades, thy body to endure all Tyrants rage, and thy ſoule to be ſundred with violent tortures: and art thou now ſo much a *Woman* that thou canſt not commaund thy eyes to forbeare teares? If thou wert a true Diſciple, ſo many proofes would perſwade thee, but now thy incredulous humour, maketh thee vnworthy of that ſtile, and wee can afford thee no better title, than a *Woman*, and therefore O *Woman*, and too much a *Woman*, why weepeſt thou?

If there were here any coarſe wee might thinke that ſorrow for the dead enforced thy teares, but now that thou findeſt it a place of the liuing, why doſt thou here ſtand weeping for the dead?

Is our preſence ſo diſcomfortable that thou ſhouldeſt weepe to behold vs? or is it the courſe of thy kindneſſe with teares to entertaine vs? If they bee teares of loue to teſtifie thy good will, as thy loue is acknowledged, ſo let theſe ſignes be ſuppreſſed. If they be tears of anger to denounce thy diſpleaſure, they ſhould not here haue beene ſhed where all anger

was

was buried but none deſerued. If they be teares of ſorrow and duties to the dead, they are beſtowed in vaine where the dead is reuiued. If they be teares of ioy ſtilled from the flowers of thy good Fortune, fewer of theſe would ſuffice, and fitter were other tokens to expreſſe thy contentment. And therefore *O woman, why doeſt thou weepe?* would our eyes be ſo drie, if ſuch eye-ſtreames were behouefull? Yea, would not the heauens raine teares if thy ſuppoſals were truths? Did not Angels alwaies in their viſible ſemblances repreſent their Lords inuiſible pleaſures, ſhadowing their ſhapes in the drift of his intentions? When God was incenſed they brandiſhed ſwords: when he was appeaſed, they ſheathed them in ſcabbards: when hee would defend, they reſembled ſouldiers, when hee would terrifie they tooke terrible formes, and when hee would comfort, they carried mirth in their eyes, ſweetnes in their countenance, mildnes in their words, fauour, grace and comelines in their whole preſence. Why then doeſt thou weepe, ſeeing vs to reioyce? Doeſt thou imagine vs to degenerate from our nature, or to forget any dutie, whoſe ſtate is neither ſubiect to change, nor capable of the leaſt offence? Art thou more priuie to the counſaile of our eternall God, than we that are daily attendants at his throne of glory? O Woman, deeme not amiſſe againſt ſo apparant euidence, and at our requeſt exchange thy ſorrow for our ioy.

But O glorious Angels, why doe ye moue her to

ioy, if you know why ſhe weepeth? Alas, ſhe weepeth for the loſſe of him without whom all ioy is to her but matter of new griefe. While hee liued, euerie place where ſhe found him, was to her a Paradiſe: euery ſeaſon wherein hee was enioyed, a perpetuall ſpring: euerie exerciſe wherein he was ſerued, a ſpeciall felicitie: the ground whereon he went, ſeemed to yeeld her ſweeter footing, the ayre wherein hee breathed, became to her ſpirit of life, being once ſanctified in his ſacred breaſt. In ſumme, his preſence brought with it a heauen of delights, and his departure ſeemed to leaue an Eclipſe in all things. And yet euen the places that he had once honoured with the acceſſe of his perſon, were to her ſo many ſweet Pilgrimages, which in his abſence ſhe vſed as chappels and alters, to offer vp her prayers, feeling in them long after, the vertue of his former preſence. And therefore to feede her with coniectures of his well being, is but to ſtrengthen her feare of his euill, and the alledging of likelihoods by thoſe that know the certaintie, importeth the cauſe to be ſo lamentable, that they are vnwilling it ſhould be knowne. Your obſcure glancing at the truth, is no ſufficient acquittance of her griefe, neither can ſhee out of theſe diſioyned gheſſes ſpell the words that muſt be the concluſion of her complaint. Tell her then directly what is become of her Lord, if you meane to deliuer her out of theſe dumpes, ſith what elſe ſoeuer you ſay of him, doth but draw more humours to her ſore, and rather anger it than any

way

way aſſwage it. Yet hearken O *Mary*, and conſider their ſpeeches. Thinke what anſwere thou wilt giue them, ſith they preſſe thee with ſo ſtrong perſwaſion. But I doubt, that thy wits are ſmothered with too thicke a miſt, to admit theſe vnknowne beames of their pale light. Thou art ſo wholy inherited by the bloudy tragedy of thy ſlaughtered Lord, and his death and dead body hath gotten ſo abſolute a conqueſt ouer all thy powers, that neyther thy ſenſe can diſcerne, nor thy mind conceiue any other obiect than his murdered coarſe.

Thy eyes ſeeme to tell thee that euery thing inuiteth thee to weepe, carrying ſuch outward ſhew, as though all that thou ſeeſt were attyred in ſorrow, to ſolemnize with generall conſent the funerall of the maiſter. Thy tears perſwade thee that all ſounds and voyces are tuned with mourning notes, & that the Eccho of thine owne wailings, is the cry of the very ſtones and trees, as though (the cauſe of thy teares being ſo vnuſuall) God to the rockes and woods, had inſpired a feeling of thine and their common loſſe. And therefore it ſoundeth to thee as a ſtrange queſtion, to aske thee why thou weepeſt, ſith all that thou ſeeſt and heareſt, ſeemeth to induce thee, yea, to enforce thee to weepe.

If thou ſeeſt any thing that beareth colour of mirth, it is vnto thee like the rich ſpoiles of a vanquiſhed kingdome, in the eye of the captiue Prince, which puts him in mind what he had, not what hee hath, and are but vpbraidings of his loſſe, and whet-

ſtones of ſharper ſorrow. Whatſoeuer thou heareſt that moueth delight, it preſenteth the miſſe of thy maiſters ſpeeches, which as they were the onely Harmony that thy eares affected, ſo they being now ſtopped with a deathfull ſilence, all other words and and tunes of comfort are to thee but an *Iſraelites* muſicke vpon *Babylon* bancks, memories of a loſt felicitie, and proofes of a preſent vnhappines. And though loue increaſeth the conceit of thy loſſe which endeereth the meaneſt things, and doubleth the eſtimate of things that are precious: yet thy faith teaching thee the infinit dignity of thy Maſter, & thy vnderſtanding being no dull ſcholler to learne ſo well liked a leſſon, it fell out to be the bittereſt part of thy miſerie, that thou diddeſt ſo well know how infinit the loſſe was that made thee miſerable.

This is the cauſe that thoſe very Angels in whom all things make remonſtrance of triumph and ſolace, are vnto thee occaſions of new griefe. For their gracious and louely countenances, remember thee, that thou haſt loſt the beauty of the world, and the higheſt marke of true loues ambition. Their ſweet lookes and amiable features tell thee, that the heauen of thy eyes which was the reuerend Maieſtie of thy Maſters face, once ſhined with farre more pleaſing graces, but is now disfigured with the dreadful formes of death. In ſum, they were to thee, like the gliſtering ſparkes of a broken Diamond, and like pictures of dead and decayed beauties, ſignes, not ſalues of thy calamity, memorials, not medicines of

thy

thy misfortune. Thy eyes were too well acquainted with the truth, to accept a ſupply of ſhadowes, and as comelines, comfort, and glory were neuer in any other ſo truely at home, and ſo perfectly in their prime, as in the perſon and ſpeeches of thy Lord: ſo cannot thy thoughts but be like ſtrangers in any forraine delight. For in them all thou ſeeſt no more but ſome ſcattered crums, and hungrie morſels of thy late plentifull banquets, and findeſt a dim reflexion of thy former light, which like a flaſh of lightning, in a cloſe and ſtormie night, ſerueth thee, but to ſee thy preſent infelicitie, and the better to know the horrour of the enſuing darknes.

Thou thinkeſt therfore thy ſelfe blameleſſe, both in weeping for thy loſſe, and in refuſing other comfort: Yet in common courteſie affoord theſe Angels an anſwere, ſith their charitie viſiting thee, deſerueth much more, and thou (if not too vngratefull) canſt allow them no leſſe.

Alas (ſaith ſhe) what needeth my anſwere, where the miſerie it ſelfe ſpeaketh, and the loſſe is manifeſt? My eyes haue anſwered them with teares, my breaſt with ſighes, and my heart with throbs, what need I alſo puniſh my tongue, or wound my ſoule, with a new rehearſal of ſo dolefull a miſchance? *They haue taken away*, O vnfortunate word, *they haue taken away my Lord.*

O afflicted woman; why thinkeſt thou this word ſo vnfortunate? It may be the Angels haue taken him, more ſolemnly to entoombe him, and ſith earth

hath done her laſt homage, happily the Quires of heauen are alſo deſcended to defray vnto him, their funerall duties.

It may be that the *Centurion* and the reſt, that did acknowledge him on the croſſe to be the ſonne of God, haue been touched with remorſe, and goared with pricke of conſcience, and being deſirous to ſatisfie for their haynous offence, haue now taken him, more honourably to interre him, and by their ſeruice to his body ſought forgiuenes, and ſued the pardon of their guiltie ſoules.

Peraduenture ſome ſecret diſciples, haue wrought this exploit, and maugre the watch taken him from hence, with due honor to preſerue him in ſome better place, and therefore being yet vncertaine who hath him, there is no ſuch cauſe to lament, ſith the greater probabilities, march on the better ſide. Why doeſt thou call ſorrow before it commeth, which without calling commeth on thee too faſt? yea, why doeſt thou create ſorrow where it is not, ſith thou haſt true ſorrow enough though imagined ſorrowes helpe not? it is folly to ſuppoſe the worſt where the beſt may be hoped for, and euery miſhap bringeth griefe enough with it, though wee with our feares, doe not goe firſt to meet it. Quiet then thy ſelfe till time try out the truth, and it may be thy feare will proue greater than thy misfortune.

But I know thy loue is little helped with this leſſon: for the more it loueth the more it feareth: and the more deſirous to enioy, the more doubtfull it is

to

to looſe. It neither hath meaſure in hopes, nor mean in feares: hoping the beſt vpon the leaſt ſurmiſes, and fearing the worſt vpon the weakeſt grounds. And yet both fearing and hoping at one time, neither feare with-holdeth hope from the higheſt attempts, nor hope can ſtrengthen feare againſt the ſmalleſt ſuſpitions: but maugre all feares, loues hopes will mount to the higheſt pitch, and maugre all hopes, loues feares wil ſtoupe to the loweſt down-come. To bid thee therefore hope, is not to forbid thee to feare, and though it may be for the beſt, that thy Lord is taken from thee, yet ſith it may alſo be for the worſt, that will neuer content thee.

Thou thinkeſt hope doth enough to keepe thy heart from breaking and feare little enough to force thee to no more than weeping, ſith it is likely that he hath been taken away vpon hatred by his enemies, as vpon loue by his friends.

For hitherto (ſayeſt thou) his friends haue all failed him, and his foes preuailed againſt him, and as they would not defend him aliue, are leſſe likely to regard him dead, ſo they that thought one life too little to take from him, are not vnlikely after death to wrecke new rage vpon him.

And though this doubt were not, yet whoſoeuer hath taken him, hath wronged me, in not acquainting me with it, for to take away mine without my conſent, can neither be offered without iniurie, nor ſuffered without ſorrow And as for *Ieſus*, he was my *Ieſus*, my Lord, and my Maſter. He was mine becauſe he

he was giuen vnto me, and borne for me: hee was the author of my being, and so my father, he was the worker of my well doing, and therefore my Sauiour, he was the price of my ransome, and thereby my Redeemer: He was my Lord to command mee, my maister to instruct me, my pastor to feede me. He was mine because his loue was mine, and when he gaue me his loue, he gaue me himselfe, sith loue is no gift except the giuer be giuen with it, yea it is no loue, vnlesse it be as liberall of that it is, as of that it hath. Finally, if the meat be mine that I eate, the life mine wherewith I liue, or he mine, all whose life, labours and death were mine, then dare I boldly say that *Iesus* is mine, sith on his body I feede, by his loue I liue, and to my good without any need of his owne, hath he liued, laboured, and died. And therefore though his Disciples, though the *Centurion*, yea though the Angels haue taken him, they haue done me wrong, in defeating me of my right, sith I neuer meane to resigne my interest.

But what if he hath taken away himselfe, wilt thou also lay vniustice to his charge? Though hee be thine, yet thine to command, not to obey, thy Lord to dispose of thee, and not to be by thee disposed: and therefore, as it is no reason that the seruant should be maister of his maisters secrets, so might he, and peraduenture so hath he, remoued without acquainting thee whether, reuiuing himselfe with the same power with which he raised thy dead brother, and fulfilling the words that hee often vttered

of

of his reſurrection. It may be thou wilt ſay, that a gift once giuen, cannot be reuoked, and therefore though it were before in his choiſe, not to giue himſelfe vnto thee, yet the deed of gift being once made, he cannot be taken from thee, neither can the doner diſpoſe of his gift without the poſſeſſors priuity. And ſith this is a rule in the law of nature, thou mayeſt imagine it a breach of equitie, and an impeachment of the right to conuey himſelfe away without thy conſent.

But to this I will anſwere thee with thine owne ground. For if he be thine by being giuen thee once, Thou art his by as many gifts, as dayes, and therefore he being abſolute owner of thee, is likewiſe full owner of whatſoeuer is thine, and conſequently becauſe he is thine, he is alſo his owne, and ſo nothing lyable vnto thee, for taking himſelfe from thee.

Yea but he is my Lord (ſayeſt thou) and in this reſpect, bound to keepe me, at the leaſt bound not to kill me: and ſith killing is nothing but a ſeuering of life from the bodie, he being the chiefe life both of my ſoule and bodie, cannot poſſibly goe from me, but he muſt with a double death kill mee. And therefore he being my Lord, and bound to protect his ſeruant, it is againſt all lawes that I ſhould be thus forſaken.

But O cruell tongue, why pleadeſt thou thus againſt him, whoſe caſe I feare me is ſo pitifull, that it might rather moue all tongues to plead for him, being peraduenture in their hands, whoſe vnmercifull

hearts, make themselues merry with his miserie, and build the triumphs of their impious victorie vpon the dolefull ruines of his disgraced glorie? And now (O griefe) because I know not where he is, I cannot imagine how to helpe, for they haue taken him away, and I know not where they haue put him.

Alas *Mary*, why doest thou consume thy selfe with these cares? His father knoweth, and he wil help him. The Angels know, and they will guard him. His own soule knoweth, and that will assist him. And what neede then is there, that thou silly woman shouldest know it, that canst no way profit him? But I feele in what vaine thy pulse beateth, and by thy desire I discouer thy disease. Though both heauen and earth did know it, and the whole world had notice of it, yet except thou also wert made priuie vnto it, thy woes would be as great, and thy teares as many. That others see thy sunne, doeth not lighten thy darknes, neither can others eating satisfie thy hunger. The more there be that know of him, the greater is thy sorrow, that among so many thou art not thought worthy to be one. And the more there be that may help him, the more it greeueth thee that thy poore helpe is not accepted among them. Though thy knowledge needeth not, thy loue doth desire it, and and though it auaile not, thy desire will seeke it. If all know it, thou wouldest know it with all: if no other thou wouldest knowe it alone, and from whom soeuer it be concealed, it must be no secret to thee. Though the knowledge would discomfort thee, yet

know

know it thou wilt, yea though it would kill thee, thou couldeſt not forbeare it.

Thy Lord to thy loue is like drinke to the thirſtie, which if they cannot haue, they die for drouth, being long without it, they pine away with longing. And as men in extremitie of thirſt are ſtill dreaming of fountaines, brookes, and ſprings, being neuer able to haue other thought, or to vtter other word but of drinke and moyſture: ſo louers in the vehemencie of their paſſion, can neither thinke nor ſpeake but of that they loue, and if that be once miſſing, euery part, is both an eye to watch, and an eare to liſten, what hope or newes may be had. If it be good they die till they heare it, though bad yet they cannot liue without it. Of the good they hope that it is the very beſt, and of the euill they feare it to be the worſt, and yet though neuer ſo good they pine till it be told, and be it neuer ſo euill, they are importunate to know it. And when they once know it, they can neither beare the ioy nor brooke the ſorrow, but as well the one as the other is enough to to kill them.

And this O *Mary* I geſſe to be the cauſe why the Angels would not tell thee thy Lords eſtate. For if it had been to thy liking, thou wouldeſt haue died for ioy, if otherwiſe thou wouldeſt haue ſunke down for ſorrow. And therefore they leaue this newes for him to deliuer, whoſe word if it giue thee a wound is alſo a ſalue to cure it, though neuer ſo deadly.

But alas afflicted ſoule, why doth it ſo deepely

grieue thee, that thou knoweſt not where he is? Thou canſt not better him if he be well, thou canſt as little ſuccour him if he be ill: and ſith thou feareſt that he is rather ill than well, why wouldeſt thou know it, ſo to end thy hopes in miſhap, and thy great feares in farre greater ſorrowes? Alas to aske thee why, is in a manner to aske one halfe ſtarued why he is hungry. For as thy Lord is the foode of thy thoughts, the reliefe of thy wiſhes, the onely repaſt of all thy deſires: ſo is thy loue a continuall hunger, and his abſence vnto thee an extreame famine. And therefore no maruell though thou art ſo greedy to heare, yea to deuoure any, be it neuer ſo bitter notice of him, ſith thy hunger is moſt violent, and nothing but he able to content it. And albeit the hearing of his harmes ſhould worke the ſame in thy minde, that vnholſome meat worketh in a ſicke ſtomacke: yet if it once concerne him that thou loueſt, thy hungry loue could not temper it ſelfe from it, Though after with many wringing gripes, it did a long and vnpleaſant pennance.

But why doth thy ſorrow queſt ſo much vpon the place where he is? were it not enough for thee to know who had him, but that thou muſt alſo know in what place he is beſtowed? A worſe place than a graue no man will offer, and many far better many titles wil allow: & therfore thou maieſt boldly think, that whereſoeuer he be, he is in a place fitter for him than where he was. Thy ſiſter *Martha* confeſſed him to be the ſonne of God, and with her confeſſion agreed

agreed thy beleefe. And what place more conuenient for the ſonne, than to be with his Father, the buſines for which hee hath been ſo long from him, being now fully finiſhed? If he be the *Meſsias* as thou didſt once beleeue, it was ſayd of him, *That he ſhould aſcend on high, and lead our captiuitie captiue.* And what is this height, but heauen? what our captiuity, but death? Death therefore is become his captiue, and it is like that with the ſpoyles thereof, he is aſcended in triumph to eternall life.

But if thou canſt not lift thy mind to ſo fauourable a beliefe, yet maieſt thou very well ſuppoſe that he is in Paradiſe. For if he came to repaire *Adams* ruines, and to be the common parent of our redemption, as *Adam* was of our originall infection: reaſon ſeemeth to require, that hauing indured all his life the penaltie of *Adams* exile, hee ſhould after death re-enter poſſeſſion of that inheritance which *Adam* loſt: that the ſame place that was the neaſt, where ſinnne was firſt hatched, may be now the child-bed of grace and mercie. And if ſorrow at the croſſe did not make thee as deafe, as at the Tombe it maketh thee forgetfull, thou didſt in confirmation hereof heare himſelfe ſay to one of the theeues, that the ſame day he ſhould be with him in Paradiſe. And if it be reaſon that no ſhadow ſhould be more priuiledged than the body, no figure in more account than the figured truth, why ſhouldeſt thou beleeue that *Elias* and *Enoch* haue beene in Paradiſe, theſe many ages, and that hee whom they but as tipes reſembled, ſhould bee excluded from thence?

He excelled them in life, ſurpaſſed them in miracles, he was farre beyond them in dignitie: why then ſhould not his place be farre aboue, or at the leaſt equall with theirs, ſith their prerogatiues were ſo far inferiour vnto his?

And yet if the baſeneſſe and mifery of his paſſion haue layd him ſo low in thy conceit, that thou thinkeſt Paradiſe too high a place to be likely to haue him: the very loweſt roome that any reaſon can aſſigne him, cannot be meaner than the boſome of *Abraham*; and ſith God in his life did ſo often acknowledge him for his ſonne, it ſeemeth the ſlendreſt preheminence that he can giue him aboue other men that being his holy *one, he ſhould not in his body ſee corruption*, but be free among the dead, repoſing both in body and ſoule, where others Saints are in ſoule onely. Let not therefore the place where he is trouble thee, ſith it cannot be worſe than his graue, and infinit coniectures make probability that it cannot but be better.

But ſuppoſe that he were yet remaining in earth, and taken by others out of his Tombe, what would it auaile thee to know where he were? If he be with ſuch as loue and honour him, they will be as warie to keepe him, as they are loth he ſhould be loſt: and therefore will either often change, or neuer confeſſe the place, knowing ſecreſie to be the ſureſt locke to defend ſo great a treaſure. If thoſe haue taken him, that malice and maligne him, thou mayeſt well iudge him paſt thy recouerie, when hee is once in poſſeſſion

poſſeſſion of ſo cruell owners.

Thou wouldeſt happily make ſale of thy liuing, and ſeeke him by ranſome. But it is not likely they would ſell him to be honoured, that bought him to be murthered.

If price would not ſerue, thou wouldeſt fall to prayer. But how can prayer ſoften ſuch flinty harts? and if they ſcorned ſo many teares offered for his life, as little will they regard thy intreatie for his coarſe.

If neither price nor prayer would preuaile, thou wouldeſt attempt it by force. But alas ſilly ſouldier thy armes are too weake to manage weapons, and the iſſue of thy aſſault, would be the loſſe of thy ſelfe.

If no other way would helpe, thou wouldeſt purloyne him by ſtealth, and thinke thy ſelfe happy in contriuing ſuch a theft. O *Mary* thou art deceiued, for malice will haue many lockes, and to ſteale him from a theefe, that could ſteale him from the watch, requireth more cunning in the Art, than thy want of practiſe can affoord thee.

Yet if theſe be the cauſes that thou enquireſt of the place, thou ſheweſt the force of thy rare affection, and deſerueſt the Lawrell of a perfect louer.

But to feele more of their ſweetneſſe I will pound theſe ſpices, and dwell a while in the peruſe of thy reſolute feruour.

And firſt, can thy loue enrich thee when thy goods

goods are gone, or a dead coarſe repay the value of thy ranſome? Becauſe hee had neither bed to be borne in, nor graue to be buried in: wilt thou therefore rather be poore with him, than rich without him.

Againe, if thou hadſt to ſue to ſome cruell Scribe or Phariſie, that is, to a heart boyling in rancor, with a heart burning in loue, for a thing of him aboue all things deteſted, of thee aboue all things deſired: as his enemie to whom thou ſueſt, and his friend for whom thou intreateſt: canſt thou thinke it poſſible for this ſute to ſpeed? Could thy loue repaire thee from his rage, or ſuch a tyrant ſtoupe to a womans teares?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might be recouered by violence, art thou ſo armed in compleat loue, that thou thinkeſt it ſufficient harneſſe? or doth thy loue indue thee with ſuch a *Iudiths* ſpirit, or lend thee ſuch *Sampſons* locks, that thou canſt breake open huge gates, or foyle whole armies? Is thy loue ſo ſure a ſhield, that no blow can breake it, or ſo ſharpe a dint, that no force can withſtand it? Can it thus alter ſexe: change nature, and exceed all Art?

But of all other courſes wouldeſt thou aduenture a theft to obtain thy deſire? A good deed muſt be well done, and a worke of mercy without breach of iuſtice. It were a ſinne to ſteale prophane treaſure, but to ſteale an annointed Prophet, can be no leſſe than a ſacriledge. And what greater ſtaine to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thy ſelfe, than to ſee thee

thee his Diſciple publikely executed for an open theft.

O *Mary*, vnleſſe thy loue haue better warrant than common ſence, I can hardly ſee how ſuch diſſignements can be approued.

Approued (ſaith ſhee) I would to God the execution were as eaſie as the proofe, and I ſhould not long bewaile my vnfortunate loſſe.

To others it ſeemeth ill to preferre loue before riches, but to loue it ſeemeth worſe to preferre any thing before it ſelf. Cloath him with plates of ſiluer, that ſhiuereth for colde, or fill his purſe with treaſure that pineth with hunger, and ſee whether the plates will warme him, or the treaſure feede him. No, no, hee will giue vs all his plates for a woollen garment, and all his money for a meales meate. Euery ſupply fitteth not with euery neede, and the loue of ſo ſweet a Lord hath no correſpondence in worldly wealth. Without him I were poore, though Empreſſe of the world. With him I were rich though I had nothing elſe. They that haue moſt are accounted richeſt, and they thought to haue moſt, that haue all they deſire: and therefore as in him alone is the vttermoſt of my deſires, ſo hee alone is the ſumme of all my ſubſtance. It were too happy an exchange, to haue God for goods, and too rich a pouertie to enioy the onely treaſure of the world. If I were ſo fortunate a begger, I would diſdaine *Salomons* wealth, and my loue being ſo highly inriched, my life ſhould neuer complaine of want.

And if all I am worth would not reach to his ranſome, what ſhould hinder to ſeeke him by intreaty? Though I were to ſue to the greateſt Tyrant, yet the equitie of my ſute is more than halfe a graunt. If many drops ſoften the hardeſt ſtones, why ſhould not many teares ſupple the moſt ſtony hearts? what anger ſo fiery that may not be quenched with eye-water, ſith a weeping ſuppliant rebateth the edge of more than a Lyons furie? My ſute it ſelfe would ſue for mee, and ſo dolefull a coarſe would quicken pittie in the moſt yron hearts. But ſuppoſe that by touching a ranckled ſore, my touch ſhould anger it, and my petition at the firſt incenſe him that heard it: hee would percaſe reuile me in words, and then his owne iniurie would recoyle with remorſe, & be vnto me a patron to proceed in my requeſt. And if hee ſhould accompanie his words with blowes, and his blowes with wounds, it may be my ſtripes would ſmart in his guiltie minde, & his conſcience bleed in my bleeding wounds, and my innocent bloud ſo entender his Adamant heart, that his owne inward feelings would plead my cauſe, and peraduenture obtaine my ſute.

But if through extremitie of ſpight hee ſhould happen to kill me, his offence might eaſily redound to my felicitie. For hee would be as carefull to hide whom hee had vniuſtly murthered, as him whom hee had felloniouſly ſtolne, and ſo it is like that he would hide me in the ſame place where hee had laid my Lord: and as he hated vs both for one cauſe, him for

for challenging, and me for acknowledging that he was the Messias: so would hee vse vs both after one manner. And thus what comfort my body wanted, my soule should inioy, in seeing a part of my selfe partner of my Maisters misery: with whom to be miserable, I reckon a higher fortune, than without him to be most happy.

And if no other meane would serue to recouer him but force: I see no reason why it might not very well become mee? None will barre me from defending my life, which the least worme in the right nature hath leaue to preserue. And sith he is to me so deare a life, that without him all life is death, nature authorizeth my feeble forces, to imploy their vttermost in so necessary an attempt. Necessitie addeth abilitie, and loue doubleth necessitie, and it often happeneth that nature armed with loue, and pressed with need, exceedeth it selfe in might and surmounteth all hope in successe. And as the equitie of the cause doth breath courage into the defenders, making them the more willing to fight, and the lesse vnwilling to dye: so guiltie consciences are euer timorous still starting with sodaine frights, and afraid of their owne suspicions, ready to yeeld before the assault, vpon distresse of their cause, and dispair of their defence. Sith therefore to rescue an innocent to recouer a right, and to redresse so deepe a wrong, is so iust a quarrell: nature will enable me, loue encourage mee, grace confirme me, and the iudge of all iustice fight in my behalfe.

And if it ſeeme vnfitting to my ſexe in talke, much more in practiſe to deale with martial affaires: yet when ſuch a cauſe happeneth as neuer had patterne, ſuch effects muſt follow as are without example. There was neuer any body of a God but one, neuer ſuch a bodie ſtolne but now, neuer ſuch a ſtealth vnreuenged but this. Sith therefore the Angels neglect it, and men forget, O *Iudith* lend me thy proweſſe, for I am bound to regard it.

But ſuppoſe that my force were vnable to winne him by an open enterprize, what ſcruple ſhould keepe me from ſeeking him by ſecret meanes? yea and by plaine ſtealth, it will be thought a ſinne, and condemned for a theft. O ſweet ſinne, why was not I the firſt that did commit thee? Why did I ſuffer any other ſinner to preuent me? For ſtealing from God his honor I was called a ſinner, and vnder that title was ſpread my infamie. But for ſtealing God from a falſe owner, I was not worthy to be called a ſinner, becauſe it had been too high a glory. If this be ſo great a ſinne, and ſo haynous a theft, let others make choiſe of what titles they will; but for my part I would refuſe to be an Angel, I would not wiſh to be a Saint, I would neuer be eſteemed either iuſt or true, and I ſhould be beſt contented if I might but liue and die ſuch a ſinner, and be condemned for ſuch a theft. When I heard my Lord make ſo comfortable a promiſe to the theefe vpon the Croſſe, that he ſhould that day be with him in Paradiſe, I had halfe an enuie at that theeues good fortune,

and

and wished my selfe in the theefes place, so I might haue enioyed the fruit of his promise. But if I could be so happy a theefe, as to commit this theft, if that wish had taken effect, I would now vnwish it againe, and scorne to be any other theefe than my selfe, sith my booty could make me happier than any other theefes felicitie. And what though my fellonie should he called in question, in what respect should I need to feare? They would say, that I loued him too well; but that were soone disproued, sith where the worthinesse is infinite, no loue can be inough. They would obiect that I stole anothers goods: and as for that, many sure titles of my interest would auerre him to be mine, and his dead coarse would rather speak than witnesses should faile to depose so certaine a truth. And if I had not a speciall right vnto him, what should moue me to venture my life for him? No no, if I were so happie a fellon, I should feare no temporall arraignment. I should rather feare that the Angels would cite mee to my answere, for preuenting them in the theft, sith not the highest Seraphin in heauen, but would deem it a higher stile, than his owne, to be the theefe that had committed so glorious a robberie.

But alas thus stand I now deuising what I would doe, if I knew any thing of him, and in the meane time I neither know who hath him, nor where they haue bestowed him, and still I am forced to dwell in this answer, that *they haue taken away my Lord, and I know not where they haue put him.*

While *Mary* thus loſt her ſelfe in a Laborinth of doubts, watering her words with teares, and warming them with ſighes, ſeeing the Angels with a kinde of reuerence riſe, as though they had done honour to one behinde her: *She turned back, and ſhe ſaw Ieſus ſtanding, but that it was Ieſus ſhee knew not.*

O *Mary* is it poſſible that thou haſt forgotten Ieſus? Faith hath written him in thy vnderſtanding, loue in thy will, both feare and hope in thy memory: and how can all theſe Regiſters be ſo cancelled, that ſo plainly ſeeing, thou ſhouldeſt not know the contents? For him only thou tireſt thy feet, thou bendeſt thy knees, thou wringeſt thy handes. For him thy heart throbbeth, thy breſt ſigheth, thy tongue complaineth. For him thy eyes weepeth, thy thought ſorroweth, thy whole body fainteth, and thy ſoule languiſheth. In ſum, there is no part in thee, but is buſie about him, and notwithſtanding all this, haſt thou now forgotten him? His countenance auoucheth it, his voice aſſureth it, his wounds witneſſe it, thy owne eyes behold it, and doeſt thou not yet beleeue that this is Ieſus? Are thy ſharpe ſeeing eyes become ſo weake ſighted, that they are dazeled with the ſun, and blinded with the light?

But there is ſuch a ſhower of teares between thee and him, and thy eies are ſo dimmed with weeping for him, that though thou ſeeſt the ſhape of a man, yet thou canſt not diſcerne him. Thy eares alſo are ſtill ſo poſſeſſed with the dolefull Eccho of his laſt

ſpeeches,

ſpeeches, which want of breath, made him vtter in a dying voice, that the force and lowdneſſe of his liuing words, maketh thee imagine it the voice of a ſtranger: and therefore as he ſeemeth vnto thee ſo like a ſtranger, he asketh this queſtion of thee, *O woman why weepeſt thou, whom ſeekeſt thou?*

O deſire of the heart, and onely ioy of her ſoule, why demandeſt thou why ſhe weepeth, or for whom ſhee ſeeketh? But a while ſince ſhe ſaw thee her onely hope hanging on a tree, with thy head full of thornes, thy eyes full of teares, thy eares full of blaſphemies, thy mouth full of gall, thy whole perſon mangled and disfigured, and doeſt thou aske her why ſhe weepeth? Scarſe three dayes paſſed, ſhe beheld thy armes and legges, racked with violent puls, thy hands & feet boared with nayles, thy ſide wounded with a ſpeare, thy whole bodie torne with ſtripes and goared in blood, and doeſt thou her only griefe aske her why ſhe weepeth? She beheld thee vpon the Croſſe with many teares, & moſt lamentable cryes, yeelding vp her ghoſt, that is, thy owne ghoſt, and alas askeſt thou why ſhe weepeth? And now to make vp her miſerie, hauing but one hope aliue which was, that for a ſmall releeſe of her other afflictions, ſhe might haue annointed thy bodie, that hope is alſo dead, ſince thy bodie is remoued and ſhe now ſtandeth hopeleſſe of all help, and demaundeſt thou why ſhe weepeth, and for whom ſhe ſeeketh? Full wel thou knoweſt, that thee onely ſhe deſireth, thee only ſhe loueth, all things beſides thee ſhe contemneth,

and

and canſt thou finde in thy heart to aske her whom ſhe ſeeketh? To what end, O ſweet Lord, doeſt thou thus ſuſpend her longings, prolong her deſires, and martyr her with theſe tedious delayes? Thou onely art the fortreſſe of her faint faith, the anker of her wauering hope, the very center of her vehement loue: to thee ſhe truſteth, vpon thee ſhe relyeth, and of her ſelfe ſhe wholly deſpaireth. She is ſo earneſt in ſeeking thee, that ſhe can neither ſeeke nor thinke any other thing: and all her wits are ſo buſied in muſing vpon thee, that they draw all attention from her ſences, wherewith they ſhould diſcerne thee. Being therefore ſo attentiue to that ſhe thinketh, what maruell though ſhe marke not whom ſhe ſeeth, and ſith thou haſt ſo perfect notice of her thought, and ſhe ſo little power to diſcouer thee by ſence, why demandeſt thou for whom ſhe ſeeketh, or why ſhe weepeth? Doeſt thou looke that ſhe ſhould anſwere, for thee I ſeeke, or for thee I weepe? vnleſſe thou wilt vnbend her thoughts, that her eies may fully ſee thee, or while thou wilt be concealed, doeſt thou expect that ſhe ſhould be able to know thee?

But O *Marie*, not without cauſe doth he aske thee this queſtion. Thou wouldſt haue him aliue, and yet thou weepeſt becauſe thou doeſt not find him dead. Thou art ſorrie that he is not here, and for this very cauſe thou ſhouldeſt rather be glad. For if hee were dead, it is moſt likely he ſhould be here, but not being here, it is a ſigne that he is aliue. He reioyceth to be out of his graue, and thou weepeſt becauſe he

is

is not in it, He will not lie any where, and thou sorrowest for not knowing where he lieth. Alas, why bewaylest thou his glorie, and iniurest the reuiuing of his bodie as the robbery of his coarse? He being aliue, for what dead man mournest thou, and hee being present, whose absence doest thou lament? *But she taking him to be a Gardener, said vnto him, O Lord if thou hast carried him from hence, tell me where thou hast layd him, and I will take him away.*

O wonderfull effects of *Maries* loue, if loue be a langour, how liueth she by it? If loue be her life, how dieth she in it? If it bereaued her of sence, how did she see the Angels? If it quickened her of sence, why knew she not Iesus? Doest thou seeke for one, whom when thou hast found thou knowest not, or if thou doest know him when thou findest him, why doest thou seeke when thou hast him?

Behold *Iesus* is come, and the partie whom thou seekest, is hee that talketh with thee. O *Mary* call vp thy wits, and open thine eyes. Hath thy Lord liued so long, laboured so much, died with such paine, and shed such showres of bloud to come to no higher preferment, than to be a Gardener? And hast thou bestowed such cost, so much sorrow, and so many teares, for no better man than a silly Gardener? Alas, is the sorrie Garden the best inheritance that thy loue can affoord him, or a Gardiners office the highest dignitie that thou wilt allow him? It had bin better he had liued to haue bin Lord of thy Castle, than with his death so dearely to haue bought so

ſmall a purchaſe. But thy miſtaking, hath in it a further myſterie. Thou thinkeſt not amiſſe, though thy ſight be deceiued. For as our firſt Father, in the ſtate of grace and innocencie, was placed in the Garden of pleaſure, and the firſt office allotted him was to be a Gardener: ſo the firſt man that euer was in glorie, appeareth firſt in a Garden, and preſenteth himſelfe in a Gardeners likeneſſe, that the beginnings of glorie might reſemble the entrance of innocencie and grace. And as a Gardener was the fall of mankind, the parent of ſinne, and author of death, ſo is this Gardener the raiſer of our ruines, the ranſome of our offences, and the reſtorer of life. In a Garden *Adam* was deceiued and taken captiue by the deuill. In a Garden Chriſt was betrayed and taken priſoner by the Iewes. In a Garden *Adam* was condemned to earne his bread with the ſweat of his browes. And after a free gift of the bread of Angels in the laſt ſupper, in a Garden Chriſt did earne it vs with a bloudy ſweat of his whole body. By diſobedient eating the fruit of a tree, our right to that Garden was by *Adam* forfeited, and by the obedient death of Chriſt vpon a tree, a farre better right is now recouered. When *Adam* had ſinned in the Garden of pleaſure, hee was there apparelled in dead beaſts skinnes, that his garment might betoken his graue, & his liuery of death agree with his condemnation to die. And now to defray the debt of that ſinne, in this Garden Chriſt lay clad in the dead mans ſhrowd, and buried in his Tombe, that as our

harmes

harmes began, ſo they might end; and ſuch places and meanes as were the premiſes to our miſerie, might be alſo the concluſions of our misfortune. For this did Chriſt in the Canticles, inuite vs to a heauenly banquet after he was come into this Garden, and had reaped his myrrh, and his ſpice, to forewarne vs of the ioy that after this harueſt ſhould preſently enſue, namely, when hauing ſowed in this Garden a body, the mortalitie whereof was ſignified by thoſe ſpices, he now reaped the ſame, neither capable of death, nor ſubiect to corruption. For this alſo was *Mary* permitted to miſtake, that we might be informed of the myſterie, and ſee how aptly the courſe of our redemption did anſwere the proceſſe of our condemnation.

But though hee be the Gardener that hath planted the tree of grace, and reſtored vs to the vſe and eating of the fruits of life. Though it be he that ſoweth his gifts in our ſoules, quickening in vs the ſeeds of vertue, and rooting out of vs the weedes of ſinne: yet is he neuertheleſſe the ſame *Ieſus* we was, and the borrowed preſence of a meane labourer neither altereth his perſon, nor diminiſheth his right to his diuine titles.

Why then canſt thou not as well ſee what in truth he is, as what in ſhew he ſeemeth? but becauſe thou ſeeſt more than thou diddeſt beleeue, and findeſt more than thy faith ſerued thee to ſeeke: and for this though thy loue was worthy to ſee him, yet thy faith was vnworthy to know him.

Thou didſt ſeeke for him as dead, and therfore doeſt not know him ſeeing him aliue, and becauſe thou beleeueſt not of him as hee is, thou doeſt onely ſee him as he ſeemeth to be.

I cannot ſay thou art faultleſſe, ſith thou art ſo lame in thy beleefe; but thy fault deſerueth fauour, becauſe thy charitie is ſo great: and therefore, O mercifull *Ieſu*, giue me leaue to excuſe whom thou art minded to forgiue.

She thought to haue found thee as ſhe left thee, and ſhe ſought thee as ſhe did laſt ſee thee, being ſo ouercome with ſorrow for thy death, that ſhee had neither roome nor reſpite in her mind for any hope of thy life, and being ſo deeply interred in the griefe of thy buriall that ſhe could not raiſe her thoughts to any conceit of thy reſurrection.

For in the graue where *Ioſeph* buried thy bodie, *Mary* together with it entombed her ſoule, and ſo ſtraightly combined it with thy coarſe, that ſhee could with more eaſe ſunder her ſoule from her owne bodie, that liueth by it, than from thy dead bodie, with which her loue did burie it: for it is more thine and in thee, than her owne or in her ſelfe: and therefore in ſeeking thy bodie, ſhee ſeeketh her owne ſoule, as with the loſſe of the one, ſhe alſo loſt the other. What maruell then though ſence faile, when the ſoule is loſt, ſith the lanterne muſt needs be darke when the light is out?

Reſtore vnto her therefore her ſoule that lyeth impriſoned in thy body, and ſhee will ſoone both

recouer

recouer her ſence, and diſcouer her errour. For alas it is no errour that proceedeth of any will to erre, and it riſeth as much of vehemencie or affection, as of default in faith. Regard not the errour of a woman, but the loue of a Diſciple, which ſupplieth in it ſelfe what in faith it wanteth. O Lord (ſaith ſhe) *If thou haſt carried him hence, tell mee where thou haſt laide him, and I will take him away.*

O how learned is her ignorance, and how skilfull her errour? She charged not the Angels with thy remouing, nor ſeemed to miſtruſt them for carrying thee away, as though that her loue had taught her that their helpe was needleſſe, where the thing remoued was remoouer of it ſelfe. She did not requeſt them to enforme her where thou wert laid, as if ſhe had reſerued that queſtion for thy ſelfe to anſwere. But now ſhe iudgeth thee ſo likely to be the author of her loſſe, that half ſuppoſing thee guilty, ſhe ſueth a recoueries, & deſireth thee to tell her where the body is, as almoſt fully perſwaded that thou art as priuie to the place, as well acquainted with the action. So that if ſhe be not altogether right ſhe is not very much wrong, and ſhee erreth with ſuch ayme, that ſhe very little miſſeth the truth. Tell her therefore O Lord, what thou haſt done with thy ſelfe, ſith it is fitteſt for thy owne ſpeech to vtter that which was onely poſſible for thy owne power to performe.

But O *Mary*, ſithence thou art ſo deſirous to know where thy *Ieſus* is, why doeſt thou not name him,

when thou askeſt for him? Thou ſaidſt to the Angels that they had taken away thy Lord, and now the ſecond time thou askeſt for him. Are thy thoughts ſo viſible, as at thy onely preſence to be ſeen; or ſo generall, that they poſſeſſe all when they are once in thee? When thou ſpeakeſt of him, what Him doeſt thou meane, or how can a ſtranger vnderſtand thee when thou talkeſt of thy Lord? Hath the world no other Lords but thine? or is the demaunding by no other name but (him) a ſufficient notice for whom thou demaundeſt?

But ſuch is the nature of thy loue, thou iudgeſt that no other ſhould be intitled a Lord, ſith the whole world is too little for thy Lords profeſſion, and that thoſe few creatures that are, cannot chuſe but know him, ſith all the creatures of the world are too few to ſerue him. And as his worthines can apay all loues, and his onely loue content all hearts, ſo thou deemeſt him to be ſo well worthy to be owner of all thoughts, that no thought in thy conceit, can be well beſtowed vpon any other.

Yet thy ſpeeches ſeeme more ſuddain than ſound, & more peremptory, than wel pondered. Why doſt thou ſay ſo reſolutely without any further circumſtance, that if this Gardener haue taken him, thou wilt take him frō him? If he had him by right in taking him away thou ſhouldſt doe him wrong. If thou ſuppoſeſt he wrongfully tooke him, thou layeſt theft to his charge, and howſoeuer it be thou either condemneſt thy ſelfe for an vſurper, or him for a theefe.

And

And is this an effect of thy zealous loue, firſt to abaſe him from a God to a Gardener, and now to degrade him from a Gardener to a theefe?

Thou ſhouldeſt alſo haue conſidered whether he tooke him vpon loue or malice. If it were for loue, thou maieſt aſſure thy ſelfe that he will be as wary to keepe, as he was ventrous to get him, and therefore thy pollicie was weake in ſaying, thou wouldeſt take him away before thou kneweſt where hee was, ſith none is ſo ſimple to bewray their treaſure to a knowen theefe. If he tooke him of malice, thy offer to recouer him is an open defiance, ſith malice is as obſtinate in defending as violent in offering wrong, and he that would be cruell againſt thy maiſters dead body, is likely to be more furious againſt his liuing Diſciple.

But thy loue had no leaſure to caſt ſo many doubts. Thy teares were Interpreters of thy words and thy innocent meaning was written in thy dolefull countenance. Thy eyes were ratherpleaders for pittie than Heraulds of wrath, and thy whole perſon preſented ſuch a patterne of thy extreame anguiſh, that no man from thy preſence could take in any other impreſſion. And therfore what thy words wanted, thy action ſupplied, and what his eare might miſtake his eye did vnderſtand.

It may be alſo that hee wrought in thy heart, was concealed from thy ſight, and happily his voice and demeanour did import ſuch compaſſion of thy caſe, that hee ſeemed as willing to affoord as thou

deſireſt

deſireſt to haue his helpe. And ſo preſuming by his behauiour, that thy ſuit ſhould not ſuffer repulſe, the tenour of thy requeſt doth but argue thy hope of a graunt.

But what is the reaſon, that in all thy ſpeeches, which ſince the miſſe of thy maiſter thou haſt vttered (*where they haue put him*) is alwaies a part? So thou ſaydſt to the Apoſtles, the ſame to the Angels, and now thou doeſt repeat it to this ſuppoſed Gardener: very ſweet muſt this word be in thy heart, that is ſo often in thy mouth, and it would neuer be ſo ready in thy tongue, if it were not very freſh in thy memory.

But what maruaile though it taſte ſo ſweet, that was firſt ſeaſoned in thy maiſters mouth, which as it was the treaſury of truth, the fountaine of life, and the onely quire of the moſt perfect Harmonie, ſo whatſoeuer it deliuered, thy eare deuoured, and thy heart locked vp. And now that thou wanteſt himſelf, thou haſt no other comfort but his words, which thou deemeſt ſo much the more effectuall to perſwade, in that they tooke their force from ſo heauenly a ſpeaker. His ſweetneſſe therefore it is, that maketh this word ſo ſweet, and for loue of him thou repeateſt it ſo often, becauſe he in the like caſe ſaid of thy brother, *VVhere haue you put him?* O how much doeſt thou affect his perſon that findeſt ſo ſweet a feeling in his phraſe. How much deſireſt thou to ſee his countenance, that with ſo great deſire pronounceſt his words. And how willingly wouldeſt thou

thou licke his ſacred feete, that ſo willingly vttereſt his ſhorteſt ſpeeches?

But what meaneſt thou to make ſo abſolute a promiſe,& ſo boldly to ſay,*I wil take him away.Ioſeph* was afraid and durſt not take downe his body from the Croſſe but by night,yea and then alſo not without *Pilats* warrant, but thou neither ſtayeſt vntill night,nor regardeſt *Pilate*,but ſtoutly promiſeſtthat thou thy ſelfe wilt take him away.

What if he be in the pallace of the high Prieſt, and ſome ſuch maid as made Saint *Peter* denie his maiſter doe begin to queſtion with thee, wilt thou then ſtand to theſe words, I will take him away?Is thy courage ſo high aboue kinde,thy ſtrength ſo far beyond thy ſexe, & thy loue ſo much without meaſure that thou neither doſt remember that al women are weak,nor that thy ſelfe art but a woman? Thou exempteſt no place,thou preferreſt no perſon,thou ſpeakeſt without feare, thou promiſeſt without condition, thou makeſt no exception: as though nothing were impoſſible that thy loue ſuggeſteth.

But as the darkneſſe could not fright thee from ſetting forth before day, nor the watch feare thee from comming to the Tombe: as thou diddeſt reſolue to breake open the ſeales though with danger of thy life,and to remoue the ſtone from the graues mouth though thy force could not ſerue thee: ſo what maruaile though thy loue being now more incenſed with the freſh wound of thy loſſe,it reſolue vpon any though neuer ſo hard aduentures?

Loue is not ruled with reaſon, but with loue. It neither regardeth what can be, nor what ſhall be done, but onely what it ſelfe deſireth to doe. No difficulty can ſtay it, no impoſſibility appale it. Loue is title iuſt inough, and Armour ſtrong enough for all aſſaults, and it ſelfe a reward of all labours. It asketh no recompence, it reſpecteth no commoditie. Loues fruits are loues effects, and the gaines the paines. It conſidereth behoofe, more than benefit, and what in dutie it ſhould, not what in deed it can.

But how can nature be ſo maſtered with affection, that thou canſt take ſuch delight and carry ſuch loue to a dead coarſe? The mother how tenderly ſoeuer ſhe loued her childe aliue, yet ſhee cannot chuſe but loath him dead. The moſt louing Spouſe cannot endure the preſence of her deceaſed huſband, and whoſe embracements were delightſome in life, are euer moſt hatefull after death. Yea this is the nature of all, but principally of women, that the verie conceit, much more the ſight of the departed ſtriketh into them ſo fearefull and ougly impreſſions, and ſtirreth in them ſo great horrour, that notwithſtanding the moſt vehement loue, they thinke long vntill the houſe is ridde of their verie deareſt friends, when they are once attyred in deaths vnlouely liueries. How then canſt thou endure to take vp his coarſe in thy handes, and to carry it thou knoweſt not thy ſelfe how farre, being eſpecially ſo torne and mangled, and conſequently the more likely in ſo long time to be tainted.

Thy

Thy ſiſter was vnwilling that the graue of her owne brother ſhould be opened, and yet hee was ſhrowded in ſheets, embalmed with ſpices, and died an ordinarie death, without any wound, bruſe or other harme, that might haſten his corruption. But this coarſe hath neither ſhrowd nor ſpice, ſith theſe are to be ſeen in the tombe, & there is not a part in his bodie but had ſome helpe to further it to decay, and art thou not afraid to ſee him, yea to touch him, yea to embrace and carry him naked in thy armes?

If thou hadſt remembred Gods promiſe, that *His holy one ſhould not ſee corruption*: If thou haddeſt beleeued that his God-head remaining with his bodie, could haue preſerued it from periſhing, thy faith had been more worthy of praiſe, but thy loue leſſe worthy of admiration, ſith the more corruptible thou diddeſt conceiue him, the more cumbers thou diddeſt determine to ouercome, and the greater was thy loue in being able to conquer them. But thou wouldeſt haue thought thy oyntments rather harmes than helpes, if thou hadſt been ſetled in that beleefe, & for ſo heauenly a coarſe embalmed with God, all earthly ſpices would haue ſeemed a diſgrace. If likewiſe thou haddeſt firmely truſted vpon his reſurrection, I ſhould maruaile at thy conſtant deſignment, ſith all hazards in taking him ſhould haue been with vſurie repaid, if lying in thy lappe, thou mighteſt haue ſeen him reuiued, and his diſfigured and dead bodie beautified in thy armes with a diuine maieſtie. If thou hadſt hoped ſo good for-

not

tune to thy waterie eyes, that they might haue been first cleered with the beames of his desired light, or that his eyes might haue blessed thee with the first fruits of their glorious looks: If thou hadst imagined any likelyhood to haue made happy thy dying hart with taking in the first gaspes of his liuing breath, or to haue heard the first words of his pleasing voice: Finally if thou hadst thought to haue seene his iniuries turned to honours, the markes of his miserie to ornaments of glorie, and the depth of thy heauinesse to such a height of felicity, whatsoeuer thou hadst done to obtaine him had been but a mite for a million, and too slender a price for so soueraign a peniworth.

But hauing no such hopes to vphold thee, and so many motiues to plunge thee in despaire, how could thy loue be so mighty, as neither to feele a womans feare of so deformed a coarse, nor to think the weight of the burthen too heauy for thy feeble armes, nor to be amated with a world of dangers that this attempt did carry with it?

amated

But affection cannot feare whom it affecteth, loue feeleth no load of him it loueth, neither can true friendship be frighted frõ rescuing so affied a friend.

What meanest thou then, O comfort of her life, to leaue so constant a wel-willer so long vncomforted, and to punish her so much, that so well deserueth pardon? Dally no longer with so knowne a loue, which so many trials auouch most true. And sith she is nothing but what it pleaseth thee, let her taste the benefit

benefit of being onely thine. She did not follow the tide of thy better fortune to ſhift ſaile when the ſtreame did alter courſe. She began not to loue thee in thy life to leaue thee after death: Neither was ſhee ſuch a gueſt at thy table that meant to be a ſtranger in thy neceſſitie. She left thee not in thy loweſt ebbe, ſhe reuolted not from thy laſt extremitie: In thy life ſhee ſerued thee with her goods: in thy death ſhee departed not from the Croſſe: after death ſhe came to dwel with thee at thy graue. Why then doeſt thou not ſay with *Noemi? Bleſſed be ſhee of our Lord, becauſe what courteſie ſhe affoorded to the quicke, ſhee hath alſo continued towards the dead.* A thing ſo much the more to be eſteemed in that it is moſt rare.

Doe not ſweet Lord any longer delay her. Behold ſhe hath attended thee theſe three dayes, and ſhee hath not what to eate, nor wherewith to foſter her famiſhed ſoule, vnleſſe thou by diſcouering thy ſelfe doeſt miniſter vnto her the bread of thy body, and feede her with the food, that hath in it all taſte of ſweetneſſe. If therefore thou wilt not haue her to faint in the way, refreſh her with that which her hunger requireth. For ſurely ſhee cannot long enioy the life of her ſoule.

But feare not *Mary* for thy teares will obtaine. They are too mighty oratours to let any ſuit fall, and though they pleaded at the moſt rigorous barre, yet haue they ſo perſwading a ſilence, & ſo conquering

a complaint, that by yeelding they ouercome, and by entreating they commaund. They tie the tongues of all accuſers, and ſoften the rigour of the ſeuereſt Iudge. Yea they winne the inuiſible, and binde the omnipotent. When they ſeeme moſt pitifull, they haue great power, and being moſt forſaken they are more victorious. Repentant eyes are the Cellers of Angels, and penitent teares their ſweeteſt wines, which the ſauour of life perfumeth? the taſte of grace ſweetneth, and the pureſt colours of returning innocencie highly beautifieth. This deaw of deuotion neuer faileth, but the ſunne of iuſtice draweth it vp, and vpon what face ſoeuer it droppeth, it maketh it amiable in Gods eye. For this water hath thy heart beene long a limbecke, ſometimes diſtilling it out of the weedes of thy owne offences with the fire of true contrition. Sometimes out of the flowers of ſpirituall comforts, with the flames of contemplation, and now out of the bitter hearbes of thy maiſters miſeries, with the heat of a tender compaſſion. This water hath better graced thy lookes, than thy former alluring glances. It hath ſetled worthier beauties in thy face, than all thy artificiall paintings. Yea this onely water hath quenched Gods anger, qualified his iuſtice, recouered his mercie, merited his loue, purchaſed his pardon, and brought forth the ſpring of all thy fauors. Thy tears were the procters for thy brothers life, the inuiters of thoſe Angels for thy comfort, and the ſuters that ſhall be rewarded with the firſt ſight of thy reuiued

Sauiour.

Sauiour. Rewarded they ſhall be, but not refrained, altered in their cauſe, but their courſe continued. Heauen would weepe at the loſſe of ſo precious a water, and earth lament the abſence of ſo fruitfull ſhowers. No no, the Angels muſt ſtill bath themſelus in the pure ſtreames of thy eyes, and thy face ſhall ſtill be ſet with this liquid pearle, that as out of thy teares, were ſtroken the firſt ſparks of thy Lords loue, ſo thy teares may be the oyle, to nouriſh and feede his fame. Till death dam vp the ſprings, they ſhall neuer ceaſe running: and then ſhall thy ſoule be ferried in them to the harbour of life, that as by them it was firſt paſſed from ſinne to grace, ſo in them it may be wafted from grace to glorie. In the meane time, reare vp thy fallen hopes, and gather confidence both of thy ſpeedy comfort, and thy Lords well being.

Ieſus ſaith vnto her, Maria, She turning, ſaith vnto him: Rabboni.

O louing maiſter, thou diddeſt onely deferre her conſolation, to increaſe it, that the delight of thy preſence, might be ſo much the more welcome, in that through thy long abſence it was with ſo little hope, ſo much deſired. Thou wert content ſhe ſhould lay out for thee ſo many ſighes, teares, and plaints, and diddeſt purpoſely adiourne the date of her payment, to requite the length of theſe delayes with a larger loane of ioy. It may be ſhee knew not her former happineſſe, till ſhe was weaned from it; nor had a right eſtimate in valuing the treaſures, with

which

which thy preſence did enrich her, vntil her extream pouertie taught her their vneſtimable rate. But now thou ſheweſt by a ſweet experience, that though ſhe paid thee with the deareſt water of her eyes, with her beſt breath, and tendereſt loue, yet ſmall was the price that ſhe beſtowed in reſpect of the worth ſhe receiued. She ſought thee dead, and impriſoned in a ſtonie gayle, and now ſhe findeth thee both aliue and at full libertie. She ſought thee ſhrined in a ſhrowd, more like a leaper than thy ſelfe, left as the modell of the vttermoſt miſerie, and the onely patterne of the bittereſt vnhappines; and now ſhe findeth thee inueſted in the robes of glorie, the preſident of the higheſt, and both the owner and giuer of all felicitie.

And as al this while ſhe hath ſoght without finding, wept without comfort, & called without anſweres: ſo now thou didſt ſatisfie her ſeeking with thy comming, her teares with thy triumph, and all her cries with this one word, *Marie*. For when ſhee heard thee call her in thy wonted manner, and with thy vſuall voyce, her onely name iſſuing from thy mouth, wrought ſo ſtrange an alteration in her, as if ſhe had been wholly new made when ſhee was onely named. For whereas before the violence of her griefe had ſo benummed her, that her body ſeemed but the hearſe of her dead heart, and the cophin of an vnliuing ſoule, and her whole preſence but a repreſentation of a double funerall of thine, and of her owne: now with this one word her ſenſes are reſtored,

her

her mind lightened, her heart quickened, and her ſoule reuiued.

But what maruell though with one word he raiſe the dead ſpirits of his poore Diſciple, that with a word made the world, and euen in this verie word ſheweth an omnipotent power?

Mary ſhee was called as well in her badde as in her reformed eſtate, and both her good and euill, was all of *Maries* working. And as *Marie* ſignifieth no leſſe what ſhee was, than what ſhee is: ſo is this one word by his vertue that ſpeaketh it a repetition of all her miſeries, an Epitome of his mercies, and a memoriall of al her better fortunes. And therefore it layd ſo generall a diſcouerie of her ſelfe before her eyes, that it awaked her moſt forgotten ſorrowes, and muſtered together the whole multitude of her ioyes, and would haue left the iſſue of their mutinie very doubtfull, but that the preſence and notice of her higheſt happines decided the quarrell, and gaue her ioyes the victory.

For as hee was her onely Sunne, whoſe going downe left nothing but a dumpiſh night of feareſull fanſies, wherein no ſtarre of hope ſhined, and the brighteſt plannets were changed into diſmall ſignes: ſo the ſerenity of his countenance, and authority of his word, brought a calme and well tempered day, that chaſing away all darknes, and diſpercing the clouds of melancholy, cured the letargy

and brake the dead sleepe of her astonied sences.

She therefore rauished with his voice, and impatient of delayes, taketh his talke out of his mouth, and to his first and yet onely word answered but one other, calling him *Rabboni*, that is, Maister. And then sodaine ioy rowsing all other passions, she could no more proceed in her owne, than giue him leaue to goe forward with his speech.

Loue would haue spoken, but feare inforced silence. Hope frameth the words, but doubt melteth them in the passage: and when her inward conceits serued to come out, her voice trembled, her tongue faultred, he breath failed. In fine, teares issued in liew of words, and deepe sighes in stead of long sentences, the supplying the mothers default, and the heart pressing out the vnsillabled breath at once, which the conflict of her disagreeing passions, would not suffer to be sorted into the seuerall sounds of intelligible speeches.

For such is their estate that are sicke with a surfet of sodaine ioy, for the attaining of a thing vehemently desired. For as desire is euer vshered by hope, and wayted on by feare, so is it credulous in entertaining coniectures, but hard in grounding a firme beleefe. And though it be apt to admit the least shadowe of wished comfort, yet the hotter the desire is to haue it, the more perfect assurance it requireth for it: which so long as it wanteth the first newes or apparance of that which is in request, is rather an alarum

alarum to ſummon vp all paſſions, than retreit to quiet the deſire. For as hope preſumeth the beſt, and inuiteth ioy to gratulate the good ſucceſſe: ſo feare ſuſpecteth it too good to be true, and calleth vp ſorrow to bewaile the vncertaintie. And while theſe enterchange obiections and anſweres, ſometimes feare falleth into deſpaire, and hope riſeth into repining anger, and thus the skirmiſh ſtill continueth, till euidence of proofe conclude the controuerſie.

Mary therefore though ſhee ſuddainly anſwered vpon notice of his voice, yet becauſe the noueltie was ſo ſtrange, his perſon ſo changed, his preſence ſo vnexpected, and ſo many miracles layd at once before her amazed eyes, ſhe found a ſedition in her thoughts, till more earneſt viewing him exempted them from all doubt.

And then though words would haue broken out, and her hart ſent into his duties that ſhe ought him, yea, euery thought ſtriuing to be firſt vttered, and to haue the firſt roome in his gracious hearing, ſhee was forced as an indifferent arbitrer among them, to ſeale them vp all vnder ſilence by ſuppreſſing ſpeech, and to ſupply the want of words, with more ſignificant actions. And therefore running to the haunt of her chiefeſt delights, and falling at his ſacred feete, ſhe offered to bath them with teares of ioy, and to ſanctifie her lips with kiſſing his once grieuous but now moſt glorious wounds.

She ſtayed not for any more words, being now

made blessed with the word himselfe, thinking it a greater benefit at once to feede all her wishes, in the homage honor and embracing of his feet, then in the often hearing of his lesse comfortable talke.

For as the nature of loue coueteth not onely to be vnited, but if it were possible wholly transformed out of it selfe into the thing it loueth: So doth it most affect that which most vniteth, and preferreth the least coniunction before any distant contentment. And therfore to see him did not suffice her; to heare him did not quiet her; to speake with him was not inough for her, and except she might touch him, nothing could please her. But though she humbly fell down at his feet to kisse them, yet Christ did forbid her, saying: *Doe not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.*

O *Iesu*, what mistery is in this? Being dead in sin, she touched thy mortall feet that were to die for her sake, and being now aliue in grace, may she not touch thy glorious feet, that are no lesse for her benefit reuiued? She was once admitted to annoint thy head, and is she now vnworthy of accesse to thy feet? Doest thou now command her from that for which thou wert woont to commend her, & by praising the deed didst moue her often to do it. Sith other women shal touch thee why hath she a repulse, yea sith shee her selfe shal touch thee hereafter, why is shee now reiected? what meanest thou O Lord by thus debarring her of so desired a dutie, and sith among all thy Disciples

ciples thou haſt vouchſafed her with ſuch a prerogatiue, as to honour her eyes with thy firſt ſight, and her eares with thy firſt words, why denieſt thou the priuiledge of thy firſt embracing? If the multitude of her teares haue won that fauour for her eies, and her longing to heare thee, ſo great a recompence to her eares, why doeſt thou not admit her hands to touch, and her mouth to kiſſe thy holy feet, ſith the one with many plaints, and the other with their readines to all ſeruices, ſeemed to haue earned no leſſe reward? But notwithſtanding all this, thou preuenteſt the effect of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee, as if thou hadſt ſaid.

O *Mary* know the difference betweene a glorious and a mortall body, between the condition of a momentary & of an eternal life. For ſith the immortallitie of the body, and the glory both of bodie and ſoule are the endowments of an heauenly Inhabitant, and the rights of another world, think not this fauour to ſeeme here ordinarie, nor leaue to touch me a common thing.

It were not ſo great a wonder to ſee the ſtarres fall from their Spheares, and the Sunne forſake Heauen, and to come within the reach of a mortall arme, as for mee that am not onely a Citizen, but the Soueraigne of Saints, and the Sunne whoſe beames are the Angels bliſſe, to ſhew my ſelfe viſible to the Pilgrims of this world, and to diſplay eternall beauties to corruptible eies: though I be not yet aſcended

to my father, I shall shortly ascend, and therefore measure not thy demeanour towards me by the place where I am, but by that which is due vnto me. And then thou wilt rather with reuerence fall downe a farre off, than with such familiaritie presume to touch me. Doest thou not beleeue my former promises? Hast thou not a constant proofe by my present words? are not thy eyes and eares sufficient testimonies, but that thou must also haue thy hands & face witnesses of my presence? Touch me not, O *Mary*, for if I doe deceiue thy sight, or delude thy hearing, I can as easily beguile thy hand, and frustrate thy feeling. Or if I be true in any one, beleeue me in all, and embrace me first in a firme faith, and then thou shalt touch mee with more worthy hands. It is now necessarie to weane thee from the comfort of my externall presence, that thou mayst learne to lodge me in the secrets of thy heart, and teach thy thoughts to supply the offices of outward senses. For in this visible shape I am not here long to be seene, being shortly to ascend vnto my father: but what thy eye then seeth not, thy hart shall feele, & my silent parlee will find audience in thy inward eare. Yet if thou feareſt least my ascending should be so sodain, that if thou doest not now take thy leaue of my feet with thy humble kisses and louing teares, thou shalt neuer finde the like opportunitie againe, licence from thee that needlesse suspition. I am not yet ascended vnto my

Father,

Father, and for all ſuch duties, there will be a more conuenient time. But now go about that which requireth more haſt, and runne to my brethren and enforme them what I ſay, that I will goe before them into Galilee, there ſhall they ſee me.

Maria therefore preferring her Lords will before her owne wiſh, yet ſorrie that her will was worthy of no better euent, departed from him like a hungry Infant pulled from a full teate, or a thirſtie Hart chaſed from a ſweet fountaine. She iudged her ſelfe but an vnluckie meſſenger of moſt ioyfull tidings, being baniſhed from her maſters preſence, to carrie newes of his reſurrection. Alas (ſaith ſhee) and cannot others be happy without my vnhappineſſe, or cannot their gaines come in, but through my loſſe? Muſt the dawning of their day, be the euening of mine, and my ſoule robbed of ſuch a treaſure to enrich their eares? O my hart returne thou to enioy him, why goeſt thou with me that am inforced to goe from him? In mee thou art but in priſon, and in him is thy onely Paradiſe. I haue buried thee long inough in former ſorrowes, and yet now when thou wert halfe reuiued, I am conſtrained to carry thee from the ſpring of life. Alas goe ſeeke to better thy life in ſome more happy breaſt, ſith I euill deſeruing creature am nothing different from that I was, but in hauing taken a taſte of the higheſt delight, that the knowledge and want of it might drowne me in the deepeſt miſerie.

Thus

Thus dutie leading and loue with-holding her, ſhe goeth as faſt backward in thought, as forward in pace, readie eſtſoones to faint for griefe, but that a firme hope to ſee him againe, did ſupport her weakeneſſe. She often turned towards the Tombe to breath, deeming the very ayre that came from the place where he ſtood, to haue taken vertue of his preſence, and to haue in it a refreſhing force aboue the courſe of nature. Sometimes ſhe forgetteth her ſelfe, and loue carrieth her in a golden diſtraction, making her to imagine that her Lord is preſent, and then ſhee ſeemeth to demaund him queſtions, and to heare his anſweres: ſhee dreameth that his feete are in her folded armes, and that hee giueth her ſoule a full repaſte of his comforts. But alas when ſhee commeth to her ſelfe, and findeth it but an illuſion, ſhee is ſo much the more ſorrie, in that the onely imagination being ſo delightfull, ſhee was not worthy to enioy the thing it ſelfe. And when ſhe paſſeth by thoſe places where her Maiſter had beene: O ſtones (ſaith ſhee) how much more happie are you than I moſt wretched caitiffe, ſith to you was not denied the touch of thoſe bleſſed feete, whereof my euill deſerts haue now made me vnworthy? Alas what crime haue I of late committed, that hath thus cancelled mee out of his good conceit, and eſtranged mee from his accuſtomed curteſie, had I but a leaſe of his loue for terme of his life, or did my intereſt in his feete expire with

his

his deceaſe? In them with my teares I write my firſt ſupplication for mercie, which I pointed with ſighs, folded vp in my haire, and humbly ſealed with the impreſſion of my lips. They were the dores of my firſt entrance into his fauour, by which I was graciouſly entertained in his heart, and admitted to doe homage vnto his head, while it was yet a mortall mirrour of immortall maieſtie, an earthly ſeat of a heauenly wiſedome, containing in man a Gods felicitie.

But alas I muſt be contented to beare a lower ſaile, and to take downe my deſires to farre meaner hopes, ſith former fauours are now too high marks for me to ayme at.

O my eyes why are you ſo ambitious of heauenly honours? Hee is now too bright a Sunne for ſo weake a ſight: your lookes are limitted to meaner light, you are the eyes of a Bat, and not of an Eagle: you muſt humble your ſelues to the twilight of inferiour things and meaſure your ſights by your ſlender ſubſtance. Gaze not too much vpon the blaze of eternitie, leaſt you looſe your ſelues in too much ſelfe-delight, and being too curious in ſifting his maieſtie, you be in the end oppreſſed with his glorie. No, no, ſith I am reiected from his feet, how can I otherwiſe preſume, but that my want of faith hath diſlodged me out of his heart, and throwne me out of all poſſeſſion of his minde and memory. Yet why ſhould I ſtoupe to ſo baſe a feare, when want

of faith was agreeued with want of all goodneſſe, he diſdained not to accept me for one of his number: and ſhall I now thinke that hee will for my faint beleefe ſo rigorouſly abandon me? And is the ſinceritie of my loue, wherein he hath no partner, of ſo ſlender account, that it may not hope for ſome little ſparke of his wonted mercie? I will not wrong him with ſo vniuſt a ſuſpition, ſith his appearing improueth it, his words ouerthrow it, his countenance doth diſſwade it, why then ſhould I ſucke ſo much ſorrow out of ſo vaine a ſurmiſe?

Thus *Maries* trauelling fanſies, making long voyages in this ſhort iourney, and wauering betweene the ioy of her viſion, and the griefe of her deniall, entertained her in the way, and held her parley with ſuch diſcourſes as are incident into minds, in which neither hope is full maiſter of the field nor feare hath receiued an vtter ouer-throwe. But as ſhe was in this perplexed manner now falling, nowe riſing in her owne vncertainties, ſhee findeth on the way the other holy woman that firſt came with her to the graue, whom the Angels had now aſſured of Chriſts reſurrection.

And as they paſſed all forwards towards the Diſciples: *Behold Ieſus met them ſaying, All haile. But they came neere, and tooke hold of his feete and adored him. Then Ieſus ſayd vnto them, Feare not: Goe tell my brethren that they goe into Galilee, there they ſhall ſee me.*

O Lord how profound are thy iudgements, and vnsearchable thy counsels? doth her sorrow sit so neere thy heart, or thy repulse rebound with such regret by seeing her wounded loue bleede so fast at her eyes, that thy late refusall must so soone be requited with so free a graunt? Is it thy pitty, or her change, which cannot allow that she should any longer fast from her earnest longing?

But O most milde Phisition, well knowest thou that thy sharpe corrosie with bitter smart angred her tender wound, which being rather caused by vnwitting ignorance than wilfull error, was as soone cured as knowne. And therefore thou quickly applyest a sweet lenitiue to asswage her paine, that shee might acknowledge her forbidding, rather a fatherly checke to her vnsetled faith, than an austere reiecting her for her fault. And therefore thou admittest her to kisse thy feet, the two conduits of grace, and seales of our redemption, renewing her a Charter of thy vnchanged loue, and accepting of her the vowed sacrifice of her sanctified soule.

And thus gracious Lord hast thou finished her feares, assured her hopes, fulfilled her desires, satisfied her loues, stinted her teares, perfected her ioyes, and made the period of her expiring greefes, the preamble to her nowe entring, and neuer ending pleasures.

O how mercifull a Father thou art to left Orphanes, how easie a iudge to repentant sinners, and

how faithfull a friend to ſincere louers? It is vndoubtedly true that thou neuer leaueſt thoſe that loue thee, and thou loueſt ſuch as reſt their affiance in thee. They ſhall finde thee liberall aboue deſert, and bountiful beyond hope: a meaſurer of thy gifts, not by their merits but thy owne mercie.

O Chriſtian ſoule take *Marie* for thy mirrour, follow her affection that like effects may follow thine. Learne O ſinfull man of this once a ſinfull woman, that ſinners may find Chriſt if their ſinnes be amended. Learne that whom ſinne looſeth, loue recouereth, whom faintneſſe of faith chaſeth away, firmnes of hope recalleth, and that which no other mortall force, fauour or policie can compaſſe, the continued teares of a conſtant loue are able to obtaine. Learne of *Marie* for Chriſt to feare no encounters, out of Chriſt to deſire no comforts, and with the loue of Chriſt to ouer-rule the loue of all things. Riſe early in the morning of thy good motions, & let them not ſleepe in ſloth, when diligence may performe them. Runne with repentance to thy ſinfull heart which ſhould haue been the Temple, but through thy fault was no better than a Tombe for Chriſt, ſith hauing in thee no life to feele him, hee ſeemed vnto thee as if he had beene dead. Roule away the ſtone of thy former hardneſſe, remoue all the heauy loads that oppreſſe thee in ſinne, and looke into thy ſoule, whether thou canſt there finde the Lord: If hee be not within thee, ſtand weeping without, and

ſeeke

ſeeke him in other creatures, ſith being preſent in all hee may be found in any. Let faith be thy eye, hope thy guide, and loue thy light. Seeke him and not his: for himſelfe, and not for his gifts. If thy faith haue found him in a cloud, let thy hope ſeeke to him. If hope haue ledde thee to ſee him, let loue ſeeke further into him. To moouе in thee a deſire to finde, his goods are precious: and when hee is found, to keepe thee in a deſire to ſeeke, his treaſures are infinit. Abſent, he muſt be ſought to be had, being had, he muſt be ſought to be more enioyed, Seeke him truely, and no other for him. Seeke him purely, and no other thing with him. Seeke him onely and nothing beſides him. And if at the firſt ſearch he appear not, think it not much to perſeuer in teares, and to continue thy ſeeking. Stand vpon the earth treading vnder thee all earthly vanities, and touching them with no more than the ſoles of thy feet, that is, with the loweſt and leaſt part of thy affection. To looke the better in the Tombe, bow downe thy necke to the yoke of humilitie, and ſtoupe from loftie and proude conceits, that with humbled and lowly lookes thou mayeſt finde whom ſwelling and haughtie thoughts haue driuen away. A ſubmitted ſoule ſooneſt winneth his returne, and the deeper it ſinketh in a ſelfe contempt, the higher it climeth in his higheſt fauours. And if thou perceiueſt in the Tombe of thy heart the preſence of his two firſt Meſſengers, that is, at the feet, ſorrow of the bad that

is paſt, and at the head deſire to a better, that is to come: entertaine them with ſighes, and welcome with penitent teares: yet reckoning them but as herbingers of thy Lord, ceaſe not thy ſeeking till thou findeſt himſelfe. And if hee vouchſafe thee with his glorious ſight, offering himſelfe to thy inward eyes, preſume not of thy ſelfe to be able to know him, but as his vnworthy ſuppliant proſtrate thy petitions vnto him, that thou maieſt truely diſcerne him, and faithfully ſerue him. Thus preparing thee with diligence, comming with ſpeed, ſtanding with high lifted hopes, and ſtouping with inclined heart, if with *Mary* thou craueſt no other ſolace of *Ieſus* but *Ieſus* himſelfe, he will anſwere thy tears with his preſence, and aſſure thee of his preſence with his owne words, that hauing ſeene him thy ſelfe, thou maieſt make him knowne to others: ſaying with

Mary, I haue ſeene our Lord, and theſe things he ſaid vnto me.

LAVS DEO.

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